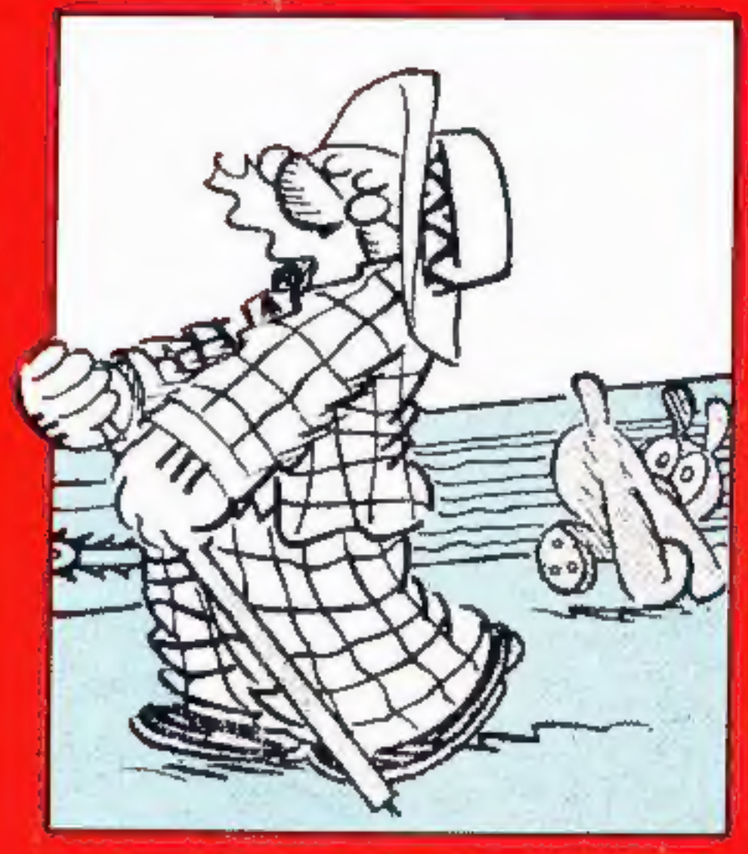
nemo

the classic comics library

FIRST SPECTACULAR ISSUE!

June
$2.95
$3.50 in Canada

AND THE PIRATES *...An Exciting Sequence from the Strip's Classic Period!*



Cliff Sterrett's
Polly & Her Pals

The Lost Period of
George Herriman

Interview with Hagar's
Dik Browne

And More!

Join Us On The Quest For the Best!

Some people will read just about any comic book there is. Others read whatever is "in." But a select few are willing to seek out and buy only *the best*.

Because, quite simply, *the best* is *worth* it. At **The Comics Journal**, we've been seeking the best—and sharing the results with our readers—since 1976.

Each issue follows that quest in many ways. Our news reports, for example, give you straightforward coverage of *all* the comics companies: Not just First, DC, Marvel, and Pacific, but undergrounds, overgrounds, newspaper syndicates, and all other publishers—big or small, old or new.

Our interviews give you in-depth discussions with the most fascinating and important people in comics: Jim Shooter, Frank Miller, Harvey Kurtzman, John Byrne, Will Eisner, George Perez, Bill Gaines, Harlan Ellison, and Joe Staton, to name just a few.

Our critics review the latest offerings from *all* the comics publishers, telling you exactly what they think. Agree or disagree—either way we'll challenge you and make you think!

In addition, **The Comics Journal** brings you many special articles, features, and columns on all aspects of comics—all with an eye toward informing you about our search for the best in comics.

If you, too, are a seeker of truth, of beauty, of quality, we invite you to join us—in the quest for the best.

★ **The most comprehensive news!**
★ **The most revealing interviews!**
★ **The most incisive reviews!**
★ **$2.50 at comics shops everywhere!**
★ **Subscribe now and save more than 32%!**
★ **Money-back guarantee!**

800-341-1522
Datatel™

Toll-free number for credit card users only. Have card ready when you call.
Mon-Thurs: 6 a.m.-9 p.m. EST; Fridays 'til 5 p.m.
(In Maine, call collect 236-2896.)

VISA

I want the best. I expect it in the comics I read and I expect it in **The Comics Journal**. Money-back guarantee: If, at any time, I am dissatisfied, you will refund my money for all unmailed issues.

☐ Send me the next nine thick issues for only $14.95.

☐ **BEST VALUE**—Send me the next 18 issues for only $27.00

(Make check or money order payable to The Comics Journal. Outside the U.S., add $2.00—U.S. funds only, please.)

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZIP

STATE

Send to: THE COMICS JOURNAL
196-E West Haviland Lane
Stamford CT 06903

STAFF

Publisher:
GARY G. GROTH

Editor:
RICHARD MARSCHALL

Art Directors:
RICHARD MARSCHALL
PEPPY WHITE

Design:
PEPPY WHITE

Contributing Editors:
TOM ANDREA
BILL BLACKBEARD
RON GOULART
JAY MAEDER
DONALD PHELPS

Consulting Editors:
BOB BINDIG
PETER MARESCA
ED NORTON
MARTIN WILLIAMS

Type Stylist:
KIM THOMPSON

Typesetting:
LORI BENEDETTO
JANET TOOMBS

Transcribing:
TOM MASON

Circulation & Advertising:
J. MICHAEL CATRON

Supporting Institutions:
MUSEUM OF CARTOON ART
SAN FRANCISCO ACADEMY OF COMIC ART

NEMO: The Classic Comics Library #1, June, 1983, is published by Fantagraphics Books, Inc. *NEMO* #1 is copyright © 1983 Fantagraphics Books, Inc. The articles and essays in *NEMO* are © by their respective authors. Special contents of *NEMO* are © by Richard Marschall and Fantagraphics Books. No part of this magazine may be reproduced without written permission from Fantagraphics Books or Richard Marschall. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and institutions in NEMO with those of any living or dead persons is intended, and any such similarity that may exist is purely coincidental. Letters to NEMO become the property of the magazine and are assumed intended for publication in whole or in part, and may therefore be used for those purposes. First printing: March, 1983. Available directly from the publisher for $2.95 + $1.00 postage and handling: Fantagraphics Books, 196 West Haviland Lane, Stamford, CT 06903.

nemo contents

Editorial by Richard Marschall ____ 5
A Carl Barks Discovery ____ 49

7
Waiting for a Boat to Civilization
A classic *Terry and the Pirates* episode from 1940. Exciting story and lush artwork photographed from rare Sunday proof sheets.

21
The Comic Genius of Cliff Sterrett
Some full-page creations by one of comics' greatest surrealists.

28
Browne the Magnificent
An exclusive interview with Hagar's alter-ego—artist, philosopher, Renaissance man—on the occasion of the strip's 10th anniversary.

50
The Forgotten Years of George Herriman
Bill Blackbeard uncovers a major trove of work by this master and some facts about the birth of the Daily Strip.

44
Graphic Delights Along Gasoline Alley

A journey through the imagination of Frank King.

62
Andriola and The Commandos

A complete run of a forgotten strip by this master. Introduced by Ron Goulart.

70
Penmen of the Past: T.S. Sullivant

Our first visit is with one of cartooning's outstanding draftsmen.

DISTRIBUTED BY:

Andromeda Publications, 323 Queen Street West, Toronto, Ontario M5V 2A4 CANADA (416) 366-3642
Bud Plant, Inc. PO Box 1886, Grass Valley CA 95945 U.S.A. (916) 273-9588
Capital City Distribution, 827 Perry Street, Madison WI 53713 U.S.A. (608) 274-8987
Diamond Comic Distributors, 1720 Belmont Ave., Bay B-2, Baltimore MD 21207 U.S.A. (301) 298-1184
Fantagraphics Books, Inc., 196 West Haviland Lane, Stamford CT 06903 U.S.A. (203) 329-7633
Glenwood Distributors, 124 Vandalia, Collinsville IL 62234 U.S.A. (618) 345-1027
Longhorn Book Distribution, PO Box 470007, Dallas TX 75247 U.S.A. (214) 634-8100
Pacific Comics Distributors, 8423 Production Avenue, San Diego CA 92121 U.S.A. (714) 566-3290
Sea Gate Distributors, 657 5th Avenue, Brooklyn NY 11215 U.S.A. (212) 788-1126
Second Genesis, 1314 S.E. Harrison, Portland OR 97214 U.S.A. (503) 230-0670
Styx Comics Service, 1858 Arlington Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba, R2X 1W6 CANADA (204) 586-7920

Make an appointment with

ADVENTURE!

SUBSCRIBE!

KITCHEN SINK PRESS IS PROUD TO PUBLISH THESE TWO EXCITING MAGAZINES ---FEATURING THE WORK OF TWO GIANTS IN COMIC ART: MILTON CANIFF AND WILL EISNER. DON'T MISS A SINGLE ISSUE! SUBSCRIBE TODAY USING THE COUPON AT RIGHT OR YOUR OWN HAND-WRITTEN VERSION. THIS IS AN APPOINTMENT YOU WON'T REGRET...

Kitchen Sink Press, 2 Swamp Road, Princeton WI 54968

☐ I want to subscribe to *Milton Caniff's Steve Canyon Magazine!* Enclosed is my check or money order or Visa or Mastercard number & expiration date. $12 for 1 yr (4).

☐ I want to subscribe to *Will Eisner's Spirit Magazine!* $18 for one year (6 issues).

Foreign subs: $14/yr for S.C. via seamail or $20/yr airmail. $21/yr for Spirit via seamail or $31/yr via airmail. Send bank draft or American currency.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Editorial

NEMO Editor Rick Marschall (right) with two of our premiere issue's stars—Dik Browne, whose interview begins on page 28, and Milton Caniff, creator of *Terry and the Pirates*, a classic episode of which opens the issue. The scene was the recent party on the occasion of *Hagar the Horrible*'s 10th anniversary.

Photo by Alice Melzer/King Features Syndicate

"In the comic strip we have the embodiment, the culmination, of civilized man's 4,000 years of groping for the perfect form of communication."

This modest postulation has introduced lectures and slide presentations I have given in recent years, and let it be said at the outset—not only of this editorial but also of this magazine, which is destined for a long and distinguished run—that the above statement is made only slightly facetiously. We have in our hands a marvelous art form that both borrows the best aspects of traditional, related forms (literature, art, and its contemporary, cinema) and has its own integrity, its own set of standards.

I will resist the temptation to get too full-blown on the subject, except to establish that *NEMO* will treat the Comic Strip as something more than ephemera or mere nostalgia—or become a scrapbook for moldy curiosity items. Our subtitle, *The Classic Comics Library*, suggests an aim: To present the best of the heritage of the art form in a way that tends toward full representation, definitive concordance, and respectful resurrection. Hence we will reprint gems from the past but apply the same strict criteria for reviews and interviews of the current comics scene—1) that comics can be judged by their own standards, and not always in the context of other (forgive the dreaded phrase) popular culture media; 2) that any comic should be judged against the best that has been achieved; and 3) that the heights of past achievement, as well as the unrealized potential in the form, are each domains of individuals' genius. We hope such genius, and *NEMO*'s illumination of same, will serve to perpetuate its spirit.

While we are in a cornerstone-laying mood, albeit a militant one, let us proceed with this introductory message. Some new magazines say hello via a prospectus of editorial goals; this will be partly that, but also something of a manifesto. For, with all due respect to what has gone before, we hope *NEMO* will be something new in terms of depth, analysis, production quality, and editorial integrity. And enjoyment, too—let us never stray so far as to lose the context of the creators' *raisons d'etre*.

NEMO will reprint in each issue at least one full-length episode or healthy portion of a strip's run. We believe, given scope and space, that it is frustrating in terms of appreciation to chop up strip runs into snippets. Commercially, daily strips (for instance) were designed to be read in countless 40-second sections; but after that they *deserve* to be consumed *in toto*. *NEMO* will strive to present the highest quality of work—great art, superlative writing, or productions of a special genius. This is frankly elitist—and we welcome suggestions and contributions from readers regarding your nominations for the pages of *NEMO*—but, simply stated, we want every issue of *NEMO* to shine with the very best in comics. Period. Besides the scanty resurrection heretofore of widely acknowledged great strips in magazines and books, there is a wealth—a treasure trove—of amazing material from the past that has been virtually forgotten. There are names and strips whose existence is a mystery to even devoted fans, and whose reprinting will be a joyous revelation. You will see such exciting new-old material here, and every issue will contain surprises for the devoted strip fan. When the surface has barely been scratched, there is no need to scrape the bottom of the barrel.

NEMO will not be a mere picture-book. While reprinting will be a major aim, and major portion, the annotation, biography and bibliography—not to mention reasoned critiques—will satisfy the scholar as well as the fan.

NEMO will not be a mere memory-book. In addition to highlighting past glories, the present scene will be addressed by interviews, reviews, news, and art. It is our aim to present at least one full-length interview per issue.

NEMO has among its resources the files of several prominent collectors and the archives of two premier institutions, the San Francisco Academy of Comic Art and the Museum of Cartoon Art; they have pledged support and assistance. Likewise the syndicates have offered help, research and resources. With these inputs *NEMO* cannot fail to have its opportunity in presenting you the finest of Classic Comics.

Gary Groth is the Guiding Angel hovering over this project (the imagery, if not the reality, may seem somewhat unlikely, but Angel he is); as Publisher, he must perforce be concerned with commercial viability. So in our discussions I have been very conscious of that factor, and have timidly suggested certain themes and artists to please predictable parts of the potential audience (such as super-hero strips). Such reticent suggestions have been met by forceful restatements of his own belief that, in *NEMO*, quality—whatever the theme, or timeframe, or artist, or style—will be enough to recommend the choice, and thereafter to recommend the magazine as a whole. How about *Superman*, I ask, and he asks, How about *Polly and Her Pals*? (*Polly* is in this issue, and *Superman*—in an interview with Siegel and Shuster as well as rare glimpses of their original strip submissions—is forthcoming!) In all my years of wandering in Comicland, such an obsession with Taste as Gary displays is refreshing, to put it mildly.

Come along for the ride. The excitement of new discoveries of first-rate strip art—it'll be like a roller coaster ride in a Rolls Royce.

Richard Marschall

Choosing a name for this new venture proved a hundred times harder than establishing the editorial vision. Ultimately NEMO seemed appropriate: With all the peregrinations over the title, one whose Latin meaning is "no name" seemed providential. Also, there was Captain Nemo of the Submarine in Verne's *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*—and, like him, we will be charting unknown but wondrous depths. In addition we have the identification with *Little Nemo*, one of the strips' classic creations, although the magazine will not be a McCay Fanzine.

The subtitle, "The Classic Comics Library," should be self-explanatory. We trust that in short order "No Name" will make a name for itself—and *become* a name synonymous with the best in graphic literature. —REM

nemo

the classic comics library

THE HERITAGE CAN BE YOURS!

SUBSCRIBE TO THE GREAT NEW MAGAZINE OF STRIP HISTORY!

From the exciting, pioneering years of comics' birth... through the heights of genius scaled by Herriman, McCay, and Sterrett... to the Golden Ages of the '30s with their full-color, full-page excitement!

Through adventure strips, humor strips, continuity, satire, and science fiction!

The great cartoonists of the past and present are represented in one great magazine devoted entirely to the art of the comic strip: NEMO, THE CLASSIC COMICS LIBRARY!

Every deluxe issue—printed on quality white paper to the most exacting reproduction standards—will feature reprints, articles, interviews, and scholarly reviews. Insights and discoveries by the most knowledgeable and articulate critics and scholars in America. Everything from forgotten masterpieces to definitive treatments of comics' most reknowned creators!

Every two months veteran strip historian and critic Rick Marschall will bring you the very best of comics' fantastic heritage. Don't miss a single issue. Subscribe today!

YES! Make me a charter subscriber to **NEMO: The Classic Comics Library**. Send me the next six editions for only $16.00. (Outside the U.S., $19.50 in U.S. funds.)

(**CHARTER SUBSCRIPTION GUARANTEE:** If you are not 100% satisfied with **NEMO**, we'll refund your money for all unmailed editions *at any time during your subscription.*)

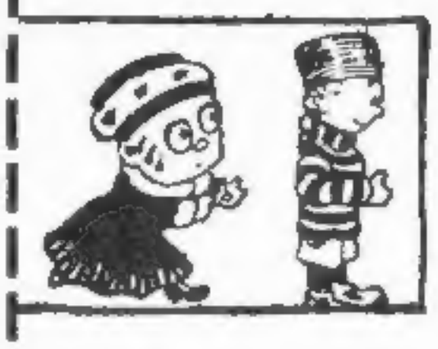
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State/Prov. _____ Zip/Country _____

Please allow 8-10 weeks for your first copy to arrive.

Send to: NEMO, 196 West Haviland Lane, Stamford, Connecticut 06903



Waiting for a Boat to Civilization:

Caniff's Great Pirate Episode

It is 1940. The war clouds that extend over half the world are very heavy in the Orient—but somehow still distant, almost fictional to Americans. In one of America's unique media of communication—the comic strip—Milton Caniff set himself the task of impressing the present-and-coming conflagration onto his audience's perceptions of reality.

It is 1940. Caniff's strip, *Terry and the Pirates*, is but six years old and has already been hailed as one of the great comic strip creations of all time. As a storyteller he has stamped his genius, raising the Strip to levels that can be duplicated, perhaps, but never beaten. His art—the realism, the "camera" angles, striking use of colors, shades, and blacks—has brought a new maturity to the medium. He is to lead a whole school: scores of artists, a generation of admiring imitators.

It is 1940. In perhaps the greatest sequence of the *Terry opus*, pirates re-appear in their title role. Captain Blaze is a pirate—and so are the local collaborators with the unnamed Japanese invaders. The Dragon Lady is about to make her final appearance as an out-and-out villainess. What a cast! The other players are Pat Ryan (this is an *adult* sequence: Terry himself has become slightly superfluous, an anomaly solved by the boy's cathartic maturation in the war), April Kane, Hu Shee, and, down the road, Dude Hennick and the reappearance of Captain Judas. Introduced in our first page is the classic character Raven Sherman, whose exit is to be one of the high-water marks of comics history.

It is 1940. It's still the Golden Age of Comics, two of whose characteristics are full-page Sunday pages and quality reproduction. *NEMO* is fortunate enough to have pristine printers' proofs of these Caniff color pages to work with. The Chicago Tribune-N.Y. News Syndicate policy at the time was to have Sunday pages run smoothly, without missing any story components, and concurrently with the same daily episodes (for readers who only followed on Sundays)... a difficult assignment, to be sure, but one masterfully handled by Caniff. Hence we have chosen to tell this tale Sundays only, as many readers read them, taking full advantage of the superlative color work. For the pages themselves we are grateful beyond measure to collector and comics dealer Peter Maresca.

The *NEMO* staff shot and re-shot these proof sheets in a painstaking way until the clearest facsimiles were achieved; what were nuances of color (blendings, fades, pastels to vivid hues) here become a rich variety of gray tones, as if every panel is a lush wash drawing.

It is the 1980s, and the premiere issue of what we hope will become the premier comic-heritage magazine, is proud to present a great sequence from a great strip by the great master, Milt Caniff...

TERRY AND THE PIRATES

by MILTON CANIFF

I DO DECLARE, MISTER BLAZE, WE GET INTO SOME OF TH' ODDEST SITUATIONS!

RIGHT YOU SAY, MISS! I IMAGINE GETTIN' HIT BY A ARROW SHOT BY CHINEE NIPPERS PLAYIN' THEY IS AMERICAN INJUNS!

THAT MEANS SOME AMERICAN IS IN THIS VILLAGE THEY LED US TO! ELSE WHO COULD HAVE TAUGHT THEM INDIAN LORE?

WELL, THEY WENT FER THAT WARE'OUSE, WHICH APPEARS T' BE TH' DININ' 'ALL! PATRICK'S IN THERE NOW — AN' HIF 'E CAN'T CHARM US UP A MEAL, WE'LL NEVER EAT AGAIN!

STRANGE WE SAW NO GROWN PEOPLE AROUND... JUS' A FLOCK O' CHILDREN! RECKON THEY HAVE NO KIN FOLKS. OH, WELL, MISTER RYAN WILL FIND OUT!

MY NAME IS PAT RYAN, MISS! WE MET SOME KIDS PLAYING INDIAN AND FOLLOWED THEM HERE! WE THOUGHT...

I DON'T CARE HOW YOU GOT HERE — YOU COULD BE FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER AND I'D FALL ON YOUR NECK! I DON'T NEED MANNA FROM HEAVEN — I NEED A **MAN!**

... BUT DON'T GET PUFFED UP ABOUT IT... I'VE BEEN PLAYING NURSEMAID TO A TRIBE OF THE ORNERIEST, SWEETEST ORPHANS IN CAPTIVITY! NOW THEIR HEARTS CAN BELONG TO DADDY — WHICH IS YOU!

PARDON ME ... I JUST REMEMBERED AN APPOINTMENT IN SIAM!

YOU WON'T GO FAR! YOU'RE HUNGRY — OR YOU WOULDN'T HAVE STOPPED! COME ON NOW — DON'T LET THE OLD GIRL DOWN! YOU'RE THE PERFECT FATHER TYPE!

I COULDN'T FAIL A GAL WHO LIES SO NEATLY! BUT WHY ARE YOU STUCK HERE WITH AN ARMY OF CHINESE KIDS?

I CAME OUT TO CHINA WITH A MEDICAL COMMISSION! THEY EVACUATED THESE ORPHANS OUT OF THE FIGHTING ZONE — AND I WAS THE ONLY PERSON THEY COULD SPARE TO HERD THEM! WE'RE WAITING FOR A BOAT TO HAUL US TO CIVILIZATION!

LOTS OF JOB FOR ONE GIRL!

I'M ONE OF THOSE "EFFICIENT" WOMEN — THE SORT WHICH ALWAYS GETS TO WASH DISHES AT THE SOCIABLE! I'M "DEPENDABLE"! ISN'T THAT HORRIBLE?

IF THAT'S YOUR COOKING I SMELL, I'D LIKE TO BUY SOME FOOD FOR MY FRIENDS AND ME! CAN DO?

NO CAN DO! MONEY WON'T HELP ME BLOW MY BROOD'S NOSES!... BUT I'LL TRADE KEEP FOR LABOR! YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS INTERESTED?

OUR STOMACHS ARE! I'M AFRAID YOU'RE HOLDING THE ACES, MISS....

SHERMAN'S THE NAME — RAVEN SHERMAN! AND NOW THAT YOU'RE ON MY BREADLINE, HOW ARE YOU AT GEOMETRY?

GEOMETRY?

3-17

YES — SOME OF MY YOUNGER SET COULD USE A NEAT TRIANGLE! GET GOING, PAPPY!

Courtesy Tribune Company Syndicate, Inc./strips from the collection of Peter Maresca

TERRY AND THE PIRATES

by MILTON CANIFF

OW! ME POOR ACHIN' BACK! ALL TH' SQUARE MILES IN CHINA---AN' WE RUNS INTO A WENCH WOT MAKES US WORK FOR OUR FEED!

GOOD FOR YOU, BLAZE! CUT DOWN YOUR WAISTLINE! BESIDES, THIS GAL RAVEN SHERMAN HAS TOO BIG A JOB WITH THESE ORPHAN KIDS!

HO, HE'LL BE APPY WHEN TH' BOAT ARRIVES T' 'AUL 'EM OUT O' TH' WAR ZONE... OL' BLAZE WILL LIE DOWN AN' REST AMIDST NICE QUIET BOMBS!

MISS RAVEN, IT WAS JUS' DARLIN' OF YOU T' CUT UP THIS SUIT OF YOURS SO I COULD DRESS DECENTLY! BUT I HATE T' BE USIN' THINGS YOU HAD FOR YOUR WEDDING TRIP!

DON'T LET THAT BOTHER YOU, APRIL! MY WEDDING TRIP WAS CALLED OFF ON ACCOUNT OF PAIN! .... DILUTE THIS CONDENSED MILK HALF-AND-HALF WITH BOILED WATER!

WELL, GENTLEMEN, YOU'D BETTER GET SOME SLEEP! TOMORROW IS WASHDAY IN MOTHER SHERMAN'S BOARDING HOUSE! YOU'LL NEED ALL YOUR STRENGTH FOR THAT INTERESTING PHASE OF FAMILY LIFE!

BLAZE SAYS HE'S DECIDED NEVER TO BECOME A MOTHER!

OHHH!

APRIL DROPPED OFF WHEN SHE HIT THE BED! WHY AREN'T YOU POUNDING YOUR WELL-SHAPED EAR, MY FRIEND?

BLAZE HAS SHIFTED INTO HIS B FLAT SNORE— WHICH WOULD CAUSE THE EMPIRE STATE BULDING TO VIBRATE!...BESIDES, I THINK YOU'VE GOT PLANS...OR DO YOU CARRY THAT SMOKE-STICK TO DEFEND YOUR HONOR?

YOU MUST HAVE SOME SCARS— OR YOU WOULDN'T THINK OF THAT! NO, I'VE A NOTION WE'LL HAVE COMPANY! THE LAZY NATIVE THEY LEFT HERE TO HELP ME HAS RUN AWAY AND JOINED SOME SMALL TIME BANDITS....THEY KNOW WE HAVE FOOD...

AND YOU EXPECT A RAID ON YOUR LARDER! MIND IF I JOIN THE WAKE— I KNOW A COUPLE OF LIMERICKS!

... AND SO I CAME OUT TO CHINA... IT DIDN'T SEEM TO MATTER MUCH ....

WELL—MY HANDSOME GALLANT SEEMS TO HAVE RIDDEN AWAY — ON A NIGHTMARE, NO DOUBT!

M-MUST HAVE DOZED... WHAT WERE YOU SAYING?

...I SAID IT'S ALMOST DAWN — YOU MIGHT AS WELL TURN IN... I DON'T THINK THOSE BANDITS WILL BOTHER US ANY MORE TONIGHT!

TERRY AND THE PIRATES

by MILTON CANIFF

APRIL! PLEASE!

I DIDN'T MEAN TO DISTRESS YOU SO! I WAS JUST--

IT WAS QUITE CLEAR, MISS SHERMAN! YOU WERE PEEVED WITH MISTER RYAN BECAUSE HE FELL ASLEEP DURIN' TH' BANDIT RAID — AFTER LABORIN' HERE T' HELP YOU CARE FOR TH' ORPHANED CHILDREN!

...AN' 'CAUSE HE WAS DEAD TIRED, YOU SAID HE WAS SHIFTLESS AN' GOOD FOR NOTHIN' BUT T' BE CHARMIN' AN' APPEALIN' T' WOMEN... AN' THAT YOU'D HAVE NO TRUCK WITH A MAN WHO HAD NO MORE AMBITION THAN BUMMIN' AROUN' CHINA!

BUT AREN'T YOU BEING RATHER MELODRAMATIC?

I'M TELLIN' YOU, MA'M, THAT I'LL LISTEN T' NO SUCH TALK ABOUT MY FRIENDS, OF WHOM MISTER RYAN IS A MOS' PARTICULAR, SPECIAL ONE! I'LL REMAIN ON YOUR BOUNTY 'CAUSE I HAVE NO CHOICE... BUT I'LL REPAY YOU IN WORK! MEANWHILE, I'LL THANK YOU T' NOT EXPECT ME T' LISTEN T' YOUR DISPARAGIN' REMARKS!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, CAP'N, YOUR CREW MUTINIED?

BLAWST TH' NIPPERS... THAT RAVEN SHERMAN WOT AS US SLAVIN' ON THIS 'ERE BABY FARM TELLS ME HI CAN'T 'AVE ME LUNCH TILL HI GIVES THESE 'EATHEN MITES THEIR BATH!... AN THEY'LL NOT DIP FER ME!

OVERSIDE, YE BLAWSTED BILLIKINS, AFORE HI LAYS A LASH TO YE!

NO WASH! WATER COLD!

NO LASH! MISSY NO LET DO!

NO SOAP!

BLAZE, I THINK YOU'VE FORGOTTEN YOUR YOUTH! I'LL TRADE JOBS WITH YOU! YOU CARRY THIS STUFF TO THE MESS HALL — I'LL HAVE THE KIDS BATHED WHEN YOU RETURN!

HI AIN'T NO QUITTER, PATRICK, BUT HI KNOWS WHEN ME COLORS IS STRUCK! HIT'S A TRADE!... 'EAVEN 'ELP YE!

NO WASH! ONLY GIRLS WASH!

US NO GIRLS!

US TOUGH!

OKAY WITH ME, GENTS!.. WANT TO PLAY A GAME?

IS SO!

YES!

US DO!

LATER...

?

ALL RIGHT PATRICK... YE WINS YER NURSIN' DIPLOMA! 'OW DID YE GIT THEM BRATS T' BATHE?

THEY'RE NOT BATHING! WE'RE HAVING A HUNT FOR SUNKEN TREASURE...

... I COUNTED OUT TEN COPPER COINS FROM MY POCKET.... TOLD THEM EACH COPPER BELONGED TO WHOEVER FOUND IT! ...THEN I THREW THE MONEY INTO THE POOL — AND THE KIDS RACED IN! OF COURSE I TOSSED IN ONLY NINE OF THE COINS! THEY'LL GET GOOD AND CLEAN DUNKING FOR THE LAST PENNY!

TERRY AND THE PIRATES

by MILTON CANIFF

[illegible]

TERRY AND THE PIRATES

by MILTON CANIFF

ME HUNGRY

NOW AIN'T THAT COMICAL ?

THIS ERE LAME DUCK IS HUNGRY. WELL ME BUCKO IF YER FINE FRIENDS ADN'T COME ON ORSEBACK T ROB THIS 'ERE PLACE WE'D AVE CAUGHT 'EM BEFORE THEY GOT AWAY WITH OUR FOOD AN THREE O TH LITTLE NIPPERS AS OSTAGES

LET HIM MOAN CAPTAIN. HE DESERTED ME BECAUSE THE WORK WAS TOO HARD. HIS NEW FRIENDS SEEM TO HAVE DESERTED HIM.

I'M WORRIED ABOUT RYAN TAKING THE BOYS OUT WITH ONLY THOSE SILLY BOWS AND ARROWS TO FORCE THE BANDITS TO RETURN THE HOSTAGES AND FOOD!

YE DON'T KNOW PATRICK'S TALENTS MISS! THESE TWO PENNY PIRATES AIN'T ARMED. HIF RYAN TRAILS 'EM DOWN, I'LL AVE 'EM OWLIN FER 'ELP!

I THOUGHT THEY WOULDN'T GO FAR BEFORE THEY STOPPED TO EAT. GET THE FIRES SET I'LL RELEASE THEIR HORSES! SHOUT WHEN I HOWL LIKE A DOG! IS OUR MASCOT ALL FINISHED?

IS FIXED!

HEAR HORSE RUN?

SO. HEAR HOWL OF DOG ALSO

IS TIME.

BY THE TAIL OF THE DRAGON I AM DRUNK WITH FOOD! BEHOLD!

IT IS THE JUDGEMENT! SPOTS BEFORE MY EYES!

FOOLS! IT IS A HOAX! LOAD THE FOOD ON THE HORSES!

HORSES GONE!

TRICKED WHILE WE DOZED! IT IS THE WHITE MAN'S WORK CARRY THE HOSTAGES. WE RUN FROM THIS VALLEY TO THE HILLS

EEEE!!

TO THE TRAIL ALONG THE RIVER THE HILLS ARE ALIVE!

4-14

TERRY AND THE PIRATES

by MILTON CANIFF

B.G. WHITE CHIEF SAY US PLENTY BRAVES! HE SAY NO COULD BEAT BANDITS WITHOUT WE

TH YOUNG TYKES HAS BEEN BOANTN FUR OUR SAKE PATRICK TOOK BY T ROUT THEM OUTLAWS BUT I RECKON GETTN TH FOOD AN OUTAGES BACK OVER EM IS RIGHT

THEY'RE REAL GAMMN IF YOU HELP US PUT TH OUTLAWS BETWEEN BLAZES

YOU AN RAVEN SHERMAN NEED T GO TH? DONT YE KNOW? BE YE AN SHE STILL BARN TEETH?

I RECKON I MUST KEEP RIGHT HOLLY T YOU BUT IF SHE INSISTS ON RUNNN DOWN MY FRENDS I'LL CONTINUE T PUT UP FOR EM

MEANN PATRICK RYAN O COURSE. .. AH WHEN H AD ME YOUTH TH WENCHES TORE A BIT O HAIR OVER ME! THERE WAS ONE WINSOME WITCH N LIVERPOOL WOT TOOK A FATPIN

MISTER BLAZE. ... LOOK HERE

THESE TWO THEY'RE MOANN

RIGHT YE BE THEY COULDN'T AVE EATEN TOO MUCH AVE BE ON SHORT RATIONS BY ANT THEY TWO O TH NIPPERS WOT WUZ KIDNAPED?

YE'D WOULD YOU MIND RUNNN FOR MISS SHERMAN?

RIGHTO! TH POOR LITTLE BLOKES IS SCRTA BLUE!

H SAY MISS WELL STOVE ME N. WOT'S BLOWN ERE?

ONE OF THE YOUNGSTERS WHO WAS KIDNAPED WE THOUGHT HE WAS HUNGRY BUT T'S MORE THAN THAT

HE TOLD US THE BANDITS GAVE THEM WATER FROM THE RIVER TO DRINK.

BATTEN ME DOWN! H COME T TELL YE THAT APRIL KANE AN' ME FOUND THE OTHER TWO WOT WUZ SHANGHAIED — BOTH SICK IN THEIR BEDS!

?

PERHAPS THEY WERE JUST SORT OF OVEREXCITED

ARGUS! WHY THEY WUZ GETTN BLUE AND LIKE TH? ERE ONE

QUICK RYAN GET ME SODIUM CHLORIDE SODIUM BICARBONATE AND THOSE PERMANGANATE PILLS FROM MY MEDICINE CHEST!

CHOLERA!

4-21

TERRY AND THE PIRATES

by MILTON CANIFF

WE HAVE THE THREE INFECTED KOS ISOLATED... IF THIS STUFF WILL ONLY HOLD OUT TILL EVERYONE HAS A SHOT!

I'VE BURNED THE CLOTHING AND THE BUNK HOUSE WHAT ARE OUR CHANCES?

WE'RE SHORT OF FOOD AND WATER AND

IS COME! IS COME!

CHILD BOAT N RIVER

THE TRANSPORT MIRACLES DO HAPPEN! I'LL GO!

WAT RAIEN

WHAT ABOUT THIS CHOLERA? WHAT IF THE CAPTAIN REFUSES TO TAKE THE KIDS?

HE'LL HAVE TO ROW TO SHORE! IF HE REFUSES I'LL HOLD HIM TILL HE AGREES - AND WORRY LATER ABOUT HANGING.

WHAT NOW A LASHING IN THIS FORLORN SPOT?

I'M RAVEN HERMAN IN CHARGE HERE IF YOU'RE THE CAPTAIN I'D LIKE A WORD ALONE WITH YOU!

RAVEN'S FORMER HELPER, HALF FORGOTTEN SINCE THE BANDIT RAID, IS TIED TO A POST NEAR THE LANDING....

PSST SON OF THE RIVER! IN RETURN FOR RELEASING ME I WILL TELL A SECRET!

WHAT COULD ONE IN SUCH BAD FACE TELL ME — I WHO AM THE CAPTAINS BOATMAN?

THE WOMAN TRIES AT THIS MOMENT TO BREAK THE NEWS THAT THE PEOPLE ABOUT TO BOARD YOUR BOAT SUFFER FROM CHOLERA

CHOLERA ???

WAIT! WHAT OF ME?

AND THERE'S NO USE TO LIE ABOUT IT SEVERAL OF THE CHILDREN HAVE.

HOLD ASS THERE'S EVIL BREWING. WE SHALL BOAT.

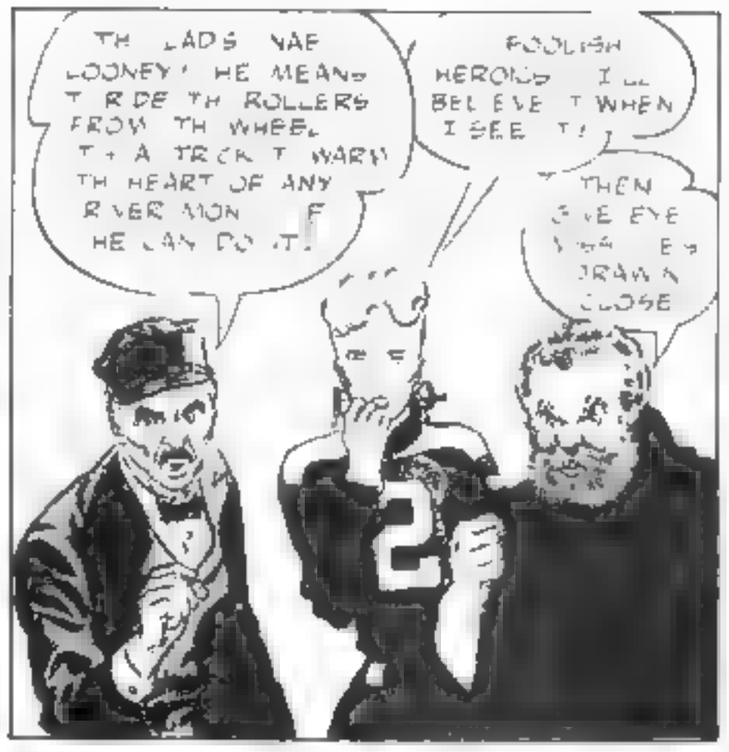
28

HOOT! HOOT! THEY'RE STEALIN' M' SHIP!

TERRY AND THE PIRATES

by MILTON CANIFF

IS THAT RYAN MAN COMPLETELY MAD? HE CAN'T STOP THAT BOAT SINGLE HANDED!
BUGH WE - E SETS OUT IN A LEAKY TUB - WITH ONLY A BOW AND ARROW AND A PIECE O WASH LINE AS WEAPONS


TH LADS HAE LOONEY! HE MEANS T RIDE TH ROLLERS FROM TH WHEEL T A TRICK T WARM TH HEART OF ANY RIVER MON IF HE CAN DO IT!
FOOLISH HEROICS I'LL BELIEVE T WHEN I SEE T!
THEN GIVE EYE HAE E A DRAW A CLOSE

AS PAT PULLS IN AT RIGHT ANGLES TO THE FLEEING RIVER BOAT, THE NATIVE SAILORS, FRIGHTENED BY THE CHOLERA ASHORE, BOMBARD H.M WITH EVERY WEAPON AT HAND

CARRIED NOW AT THE SAME SPEED AS THE LARGE CRAFT, PAT ADJUSTS HIS BOW....

THE ARROW CARRIES A LIGHT LINE BETWEEN THE FLYING PADDLES IT HOLDS - AND EVERY REVOLUTION DRAWS THE ROW BOAT CLOSER

TERRY AND THE PIRATES

by MILTON CANIFF

YE DONE WELL, FER A LONDSMON, LODDIE! FORCIN' M' VESSEL INTA A MOODBANK WAS QUICK THINKIN'!

THANKS! LADS ARE ALL ABOARD!

HOWS THE CREW?

SOORLY BUT I HAVE 'EM SWEATIN FROM DOGWATCH FREE WELL CAST OFF DIRECTLY THEY'LL TOE TH MARK AS LONG AS WE'RE ARMED AN DON'T FORCE 'EM T GO NEAR TH SICK ONES A FEW WE CAN TRUST

I'LL COMMOND FROM TH' WHEELHOOSE, YE BE FIRST MATE, TH' RED-TOP WILL MIND TH' ENGINE ROOM — AN' TH' SHERMAN LOSSIE WILL 'TEND HER ORPHANS! T' YER DOOTIES, SON!

AYE AYE SKIPPER!

WE'RE CASTING OFF BLAZE! YOUR CREW WORKING OKAY?

AYE, PATRICK AN' HIM 'AVIN TH TIME O' MEIFE THERE WUZ A MITE O' TROUBLE AT FIRST

BUT TH BUNKER MONKEYS AVE BEEN DOCILE AS TRAINED DUCKS SINCE HI FELD ONE BLOKES EAD IN TH FIREBOX — TILL E CHANGED 'IS MIND ABOUT MUTINY!

HOWS THE KITTEN?

NO NO!

WAIT OUTSIDE RYAN

IS APRIL ANGRY WITH ME?

NO, BUT SHE'S VERY ILL —AND SHE HATES FOR HER HERO TO SEE HER LOOKING SO TERRIBLE! WOMEN ARE NEVER TOO SICK TO THINK OF SUCH THINGS! GIVE HER A BREAK, AND BEAT IT!

CHILD FALL OVER SIDE!

ONE OF THE KIDS FELL IN THE RIVER— I'LL ----

WAIT, LODDIE!

FULL STOP! DINNA REVERSE TH BLADES MAN OVERBOORD!

ANNE BOTHWELL

WHY HE SN'T SINKING

T BE SHOOR

I TED A BLOCK O' WOOD T EACH O TH HEALTHY BARN BEFORE WE CAS OFF THERE'LL BE NO WASTE O HUMAN LIFE OR ANYTHING ELSE ABOARD TH CRAFT

5-2

TERRY AND THE PIRATES

by MILTON CANIFF

I TELL YOU, RAVEN, YOU'VE GOT TO SLEEP!

I CAN'T FAIL AT THIS RYAN I CAN'T!

WE'LL CARRY ON YOUR TREATMENT! YOU KNOCK OFF - BEFORE THE BUG GETS YOU TOO.

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND IF THOSE KIDS DIE I'LL HAVE FLOPPED AGAIN.. MUST GO ON MUST KEEP THEM ALIVE YOU DON'T KNOW.

MUSN'T FAIL - MUST KEEP INFECTION FROM SPREADING YOU DON'T KNOW..

I KNOW THIS — YOU'RE FRONT ROW CENTER IN MY BOOK RIGHT NOW, NO MATTER WHAT HAP--- WHAT'S THAT?

CAPTAIN - WH---

DOOK YE DOON! IT'S AN AIRPLANE! ...MACHINE GOONS!

CAN'T TELL WHAT WE ARE IN THE DARK! HAVEN'T YOU A HOSPITAL FLAG?

INDEED — BUT HE'S NAE ABLE T' SEE IT IN TH' DARK HOOT! HE COMES AGAIN!

HE'LL RIP US TO PIECES IN NO TIME! KEEP EVERYONE UNDER COVER! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

GIVE ME ALL THE BIG BREAD PANS IN THE GALLEY! QUICK! DON'T ASK QUESTIONS!

HURRY, BLAZE! HAVE THE MEN FILL THESE WITH LIVE COALS — AND FOLLOW ME!

IT'LL TAKE HIM SECONDS TO BANK FOR ANOTHER BURST! NOW! PLACE THEM AS I TOLD YOU! THE WIND WILL FAN THE COALS.

5-19

TERRY AND THE PIRATES

by MILTON CANIFF

OH MR RYAN I M A MESS!

DON'T JOSH YOUR UNCLE PATRICK! YOU'LL BE THE CUTEST CONVALESCENT IN MEDICAL HISTORY!

YOU'RE REAL SWEET T' SAY THAT... BUT I MEAN I M AN AWFUL DROOP FOR ACTIN' SO WRETCHED TOWARD MISS RAVEN!

SHE UNDERSTANDS YOUR LOYALTY TO ME! SHE ADMIRES YOU FOR IT... EVEN THOUGH SHE STILL THINKS I M A BUM! BUT YOU DO OWE HER MUCH!

I KNOW... I WASN'T TOO SICK TO REALIZE SHE MIGHTY NEAR KILLED HERSELF T' KEEP ME GOIN....

D'YA RECKON SHE'LL EVER SEE FIT T FORGIVE ME FOR BEIN SUCH A SNOOT?

YOU GO TO SLEEP .. I'LL TALK WITH RAVEN ABOUT IT. AND I HAVE A HUNCH SHE'LL LET YOU OFF WITH A LIGHT SENTENCE!

WE SEEM TO BE PAST THE DANGER LINE RAVEN! GOT TIME FOR GABBING?

IT'S JUST ABOUT OVER BUT OF COURSE IT COULDN'T LAST

CHIRPING TO YOURSELF... THAT'S BAD! BETTER TELL DR RYAN ABOUT IT BEFORE THEY COME WITH THE STRAIT JACKET!

I ENVY YOU, RYAN! WHEN A CRISIS HAS PASSED, YOUR LIFE BECOMES DELIGHTFULLY AIMLESS AGAIN! IT MUST BE A PLEASURE!

YOU'RE RIGHT, I SUPPOSE! ASIDE FROM FIGHTING THE DESIRE TO POKE YOU IN THE JAW NOW AND THEN, MY EXISTENCE ISN'T TOO COMPLICATED! BUT WHY WERE YOU MOANING IN YOUR BIB WHEN I CAME IN HERE?

I TOLD YOU MY LIFE STORY THE NIGHT OF THE FIRST BANDIT RAID.. BUT YOU WENT TO SLEEP! NOW YOU CAN WAIT!! ... WHICH SHOULDN'T BE DIFFICULT—WITH ALL THE TIME YOU HAVE

THERE'LL BE LITTLE TROOBLE NOO... WITH TH' CHOLERA UNDER CONTROL! ... AN' WE'LL BE IN BRITISH WATERS VERRA SHORTLY!

BLIGH'ME, H.'M 'APPY! THAT THERE SHERMAN WENCH WORKED ME SO ARD HIT'LL TYKE WEEKS OF ARD RESTIN' T' RESTORE ME CONSTEETOOSHUNAL LAZINESS!

HAVE YE GIVEN THOUGHT T'YER PLONS FOLLOWIN OUR ARRIVAL M MON?

WEE-EL, I AIN'T SAYIN' HI 'AVE - AN HI AIN'T SAYIN' HI AIN'T! ... BUT WOT MAKES YE SO SUDDEN CURIOUS ME SCOTCH FRIEND!

AS MOSTER O' THIS CRAFT I'M OBLEEGATED T' MAKE A REPORT T' TH' AUTHORITIES AT HONGKONG! I'LL BE HOPPY T' STATE THAT TH RESCUE WAS GREATLY ACCELERATED BY SOME FINE WORK IN TH' ENGINE ROOM...

BOOT WHEN TH' MILITARY COMES ABOORD AN DISCOVERS M ENGINEER T' BEAR A MOST STRIKIN RESOOMBLENCE T A CERTAIN NOTOORIOUS PIRATE ALSO NAMED CAP'N BLAZE THERE MIGHT BE COMPLICATIONS IT OCCURS T' ME TH COINCIDENCE MIGHT BE AFFECTIN YOUR PLONS SOOMWHUT

5 26

TERRY AND THE PIRATES

by MILTON CANIFF

HERE COME THE MEDICAL AUTHORTIES TO EXAMINE THE CHOLERA CASES! HAVE YOU SEEN BLAZE?

NOO I DO RECALL HIM SCOORYIN BELOW ABOOT AN HOUR AGO!

THE O[illegible] SHOULD HAVE CLEARED O[illegible] THE BRITISH WILL RECOGNIZE HIM AS CAPN BLAZE THE PIRATE.

WOT LUCK! HIT'S RAININ! WITS UP, BLAZE, ME LAD! ...THIS 'ERE SAIL CLOTH WILL DO TH DEED!

...AN' THIS MOP ANDLE ADDS A TOUCH!....

...I'LL "BORROW" A SUT SHIRT, AT AN BOOTS FROM TH CAPTAIN!

TH BOOTS PINCHES A BIT, BUT THA BE NO TIME T BEEF ABOJT BUNIONS NOW T TH DELICATE PART!

BLACK BOOT POLISH

MAKE FAST! I WILL EXAMINE THE CHOLERA PATIENTS AT ONCE

PLEES TO ANNOUNCE ME TO THE CAPITAN! EET EES PLAISAIRE TO AVE HEEM BACK EEN ONGKONG!

?

SO SOON I EAR MY GUDE FREN RETURN FROM THE SO HAZARD VOYAGE, I COME QUEEK NOW WE RESUME THE PLAY OF CHESS

GREAT HEAVENS MAN THIS BOAT IS BEING HELD IN STRICT QUARANTINE! THERE'S CHOLERA ABOARD WE TRIED TO KEEP IT QUIET YOU MUST GO BEFORE YOU ARE EXPOSED

BUT MISTER I ARRIVE FROM THE FAR SIDE I DO NOT SEE THE SHEEP OF THE MEDICINE I AVE DESMEES MY SAMPAN! SACREBLEU! WHAT AM I TO DO? I AM DEVASTATE

SINCE YOU HAVE NOT BEEN BELOW, I WILL NOT HOLD YOU! MY BOAT WILL REN YOU TO SHORE! BE OFF QUICKLY!

G-2

TERRY AND THE PIRATES

by MILTON CANIFF

WHY, MR RYAN YOU'RE ALL DRESSED UP

YEAH, KITTEN THERE— STRANGE STUFF BREWING THESE CLOTHES WERE SENT OUT FROM SHORE MY O.D. THINGS HAVE TO BE DISINFECTED FROM WHAT I GATHER RAVEN SHERMAN PAID FOR THEM

I DO DECLARE! IF SHE'D HER WHEN SHE PAID THE CAPTAIN FOR CHARTERING THIS BOAT SO SHE COULD PUT THE ORPHAN CHILDREN

I THOUGHT SHE WAS SOME POOR MEDICAL STUDENT WORKING IN CHINA WHAT DO YOU RECKON'S GOIN ON?

NOW THAT THE BOAT HAS BEEN CLEARED BY THE MEDICAL AUTHORITIES WE'LL DOCK SOON. THEN WE'LL SEE

WE'RE MAKIN FAST MISS! THERE'LL BE CARS T' HAUL YON ORPHANS T' TH REFOOGEE CAMPS— AN' OMBOOLANCES FOR TH' SICK.. JOOST AS Y ORDERED'

GOOD CAPTAIN!

I MUST SAY GOODBYE NOW SHE'LL COME TO SEE YOU OFTEN

BYE BABBY

YOU LOVE TELL STORIES

NO NO MISSY

LOVE

BABE NURSE NO ACT SAD

NOW ARE WE READY RAVEN YOU READY?

YES WHAT'S ALL THAT FUSS?

AH JOURNALISTS MOM - AND PHOTOGRAPHERS TH NEWS LEAKED OUT I FEAR

MISS SHERMAN I'M MENDLEY OF TRANS NATIONAL NEWSREEL WE KNOW YOU DON'T LIKE PUBLICITY BUT WE'D APPRECIATE SOME SHOTS AND A STATEMENT.

BUT I..

WOULD YOU MIND POSING WITH SOME OF THE ORPHANS MISS SHERMAN?

WHERS MISSY SHERMAN

I DO DECLARE!

NOW WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT MISTER

THAT'S RAVEN SHERMAN THE AMERICAN HEIRESS WHO WALKED OUT ON SOCIETY AND FINANCED A MEDICAL COMMISSION TO HELP WAR REFUGEES IN CHINA WHERE'VE YOU BEEN FELLAH?

LATER THAT DAY

YEEOW!! CONNIE! BIG STOOP! DID YOU SEE TH'S STORY BOUT THE RICH GAL WHO BROUGHT BACK THE REFUGEES?

CONNIE NO GIVE HOOTS BOUT RICH MISSY WITH REFUGEENTS! CONNIE SOPPY WITH SAD!

BUT LOOK NOT AT THE GRL... IN THE BACKGROUND

Heiress Returns With O

To be concluded in NEMO no. 2

The Comic Genius of Cliff Sterrett

Coherence in art indicates precision of thought and clarity of vision and – when that vision is of a rare, high quality—a supremely gifted artist. Cliff Sterrett s vision is brilliantly consistent, but his genius lies, ironically enough, in his juggling of incongruities: he effortlessly combined visual abstractions and warped stylizations with particularized human traits and recognizable social settings. He recreated the world on his own wholly consistent artistic terms making us see and experience the world through his eyes, making us feel something of what he felt. An artist cannot be paid a higher compliment.

Sterrett, Herriman, and Lyonel Feininger are giants in the comics medium. All three absorbed and selected values from turn-of-the-century modern art and unobstreperously used them in their strips Of the three, I prefer Sterrett. His was the most precarious tightrope walk—and the most exhilarating.

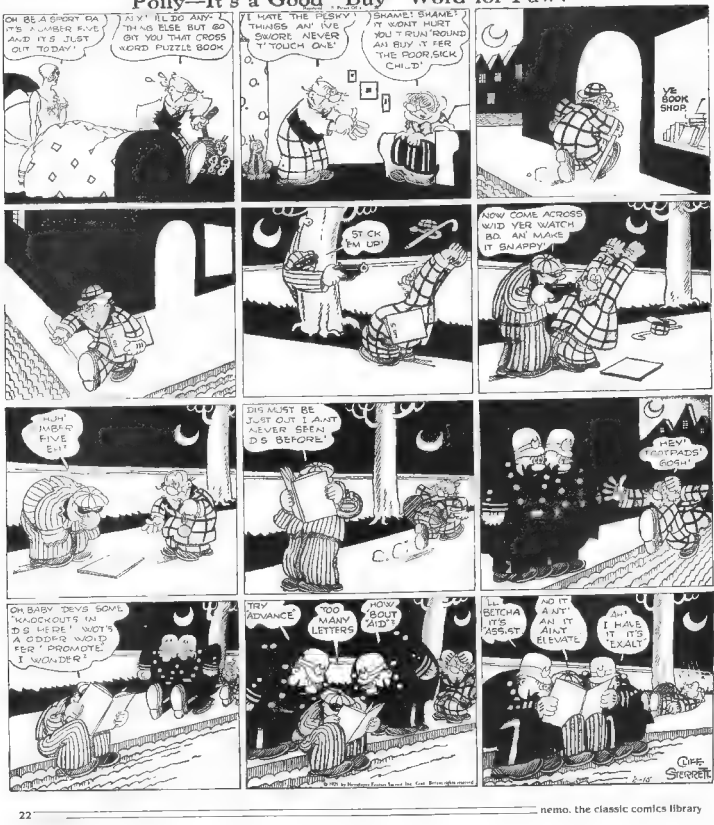
I was not surprised to learn that Sterrett's family was musically-inclined; Sterrett s son, Paul, was a composer and arranger and Sterrett himself could play a half-dozen instruments. The visual playfulness, the rhythmic graphic pattern, the abstract harmony of a Sterrett page come as close as any comic strip has ever come to approach.ng the purity of musical expression

Polly (originally titled *Positive Polly*) began in 1912 in Hearst s New York *Journal*, a reworked theme for an earlier strip, *For This We Have Daughters*, he had done for the New York *Telegram*. Four years after it had begun, Polly was syndicated, first nationally and later internationally. Polly the willful and problematic daughter (those innocent times) soon took on a secondary role Paw, Maw, nephew Ashur, butler Neewah, and the silent cat variously named Kitty, Dot and Em—were thrust to the foreground. Themes and characters were at the mercy of Sterrett's visual innovations, every facet of the strip combining to form a gloriously unified work of art.

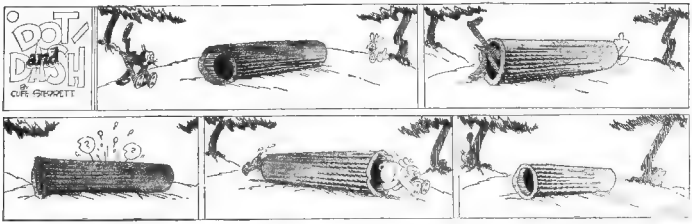
Sterrett s work has remained somewhat obscure and under-appreciated for too many years; the following samples of his work show that he deserves greater recognition and wider popularity.

—Gary Groth

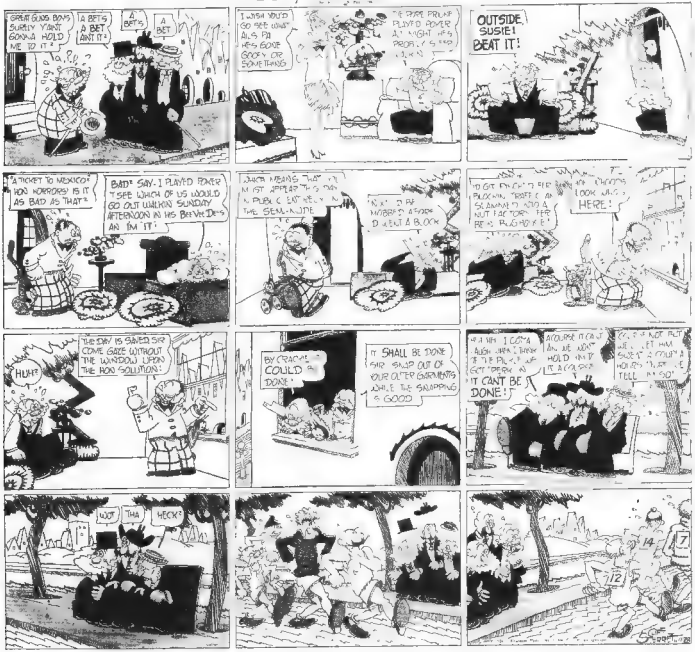
Polly—It's a Good "Buy" Word for Paw!

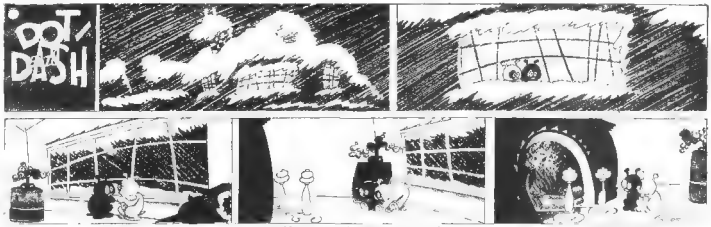

OH BE A SPORT DA IT'S A LUMBER FIVE AND IT'S JUST OUT TODAY!
AW! I'LL DO ANY-THING ELSE BUT GO GIT YOU THAT CROSS WORD PUZZLE BOOK
I HATE THE PESKY THINGS AN I'VE SWORE NEVER T' TOUCH ONE!
SHAME! SHAME! IT WONT HURT YOU T RUN 'ROUND AN BUY IT FER THE POOR SICK CHI..D!
YE BOOK SHOP
ST CK 'EM UP!
NOW COME ACROSS WID YER WATCH BO AN MAKE IT SNAPPY!
HUH! LUMBER FIVE EH!
DIS MUST BE JUST OUT I AINT NEVER SEEN DS BEFORE!
HEY! 'FOOTPADS' BOOK!
OH BABY DEVS SOME KNOCKOUTS IN DIS HERE! WOT'S A ODDER WOID FER 'PROMOTE' I WONDER?
TRY ADVANCE
TOO MANY LETTERS
HOW 'BOUT AID?
I'll BETCHA IT'S 'ASSIST'
NO IT AIN'T AN IT AIN'T ELEVATE
AH! I HAVE IT IT'S 'EXALT'
CLIFF STERRETT
3-16

Courtesy King Feature Syndicate, Inc. Strips from the collection of Rick Marschall

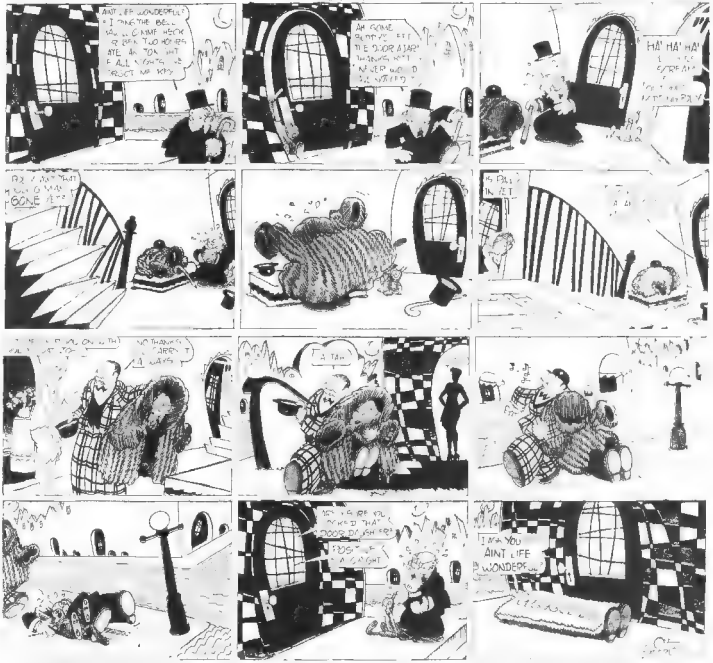


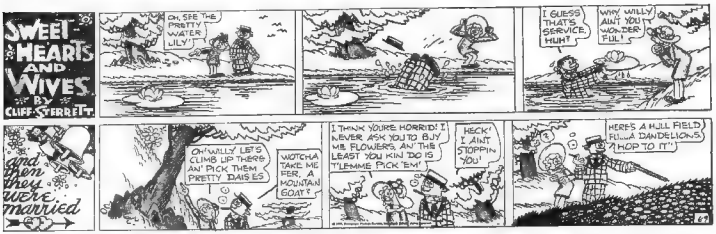
Polly and Her Pals


GREAT GOBS BOPS SURELY YOU'D GONNA HOLD ME TO IT?
A BET'S A BET AIN'T IT?
A BET?
A BET
I WISH YOU'D GO FER WOT ALAS I'M VERY GOOD COOK OF SOME THINGS
OUTSIDE SUSIE! BEAT IT!
A TICKET TO MEXICO? YOU HORSEBOY IS IT AS BAD AS THAT'S
BAD? SAY- I PLAYED POKER 'T SEE WHICH OF US WOULD GO OUT WALKIN SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN HIS BEST VEST AN 'EM IT!
WATCH HEARING THAT IT IS AT JUPITER 'TIS DAN N PUBLIC LAY HERE N THE SEMI-NUDE
"NOW I'M MURDERED AFORE I WENT A BLOCK
TO GET FROM HERE TO CHICAGO BLOCKIN' TRAFFIC AN SLAMMING TO 'EM A NUT I AC TOR- HERE'S PLUG HOLE!
LOOK WHO'S HERE!
HUH?
THE DAY IS SAVED SIR COME GAZE WITHOUT THE WINDOW I SPEAK THE ROW SOLUTION!
BY CRIMINY COULD BE DONE!
IT SHALL BE DONE FAR SNUP OUT OF YOUR OUTER GARMENTS WHILE THE SNUPPING IS GOOD!
AS WAS I COMA ALOW YER I BROKE IT IN PIECES GOT PEGS AS IT CAN'T BE DONE!
I'D SUPPOSE IT COULD BE ADDED HOLD ON I'LL ACQUIRE
I'M NOT FIT FOR SOCIETY I MUST HOLDS TO MYSELF TELL
WOOF
THA
WECK!

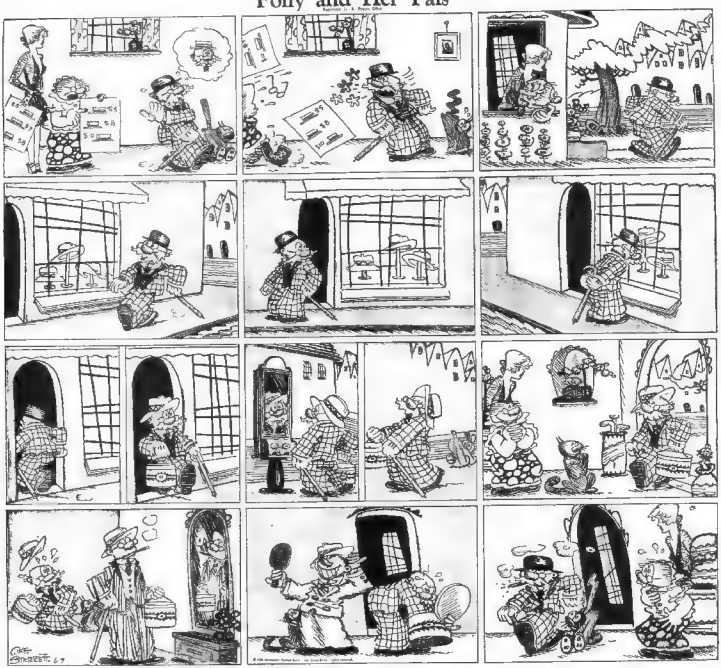


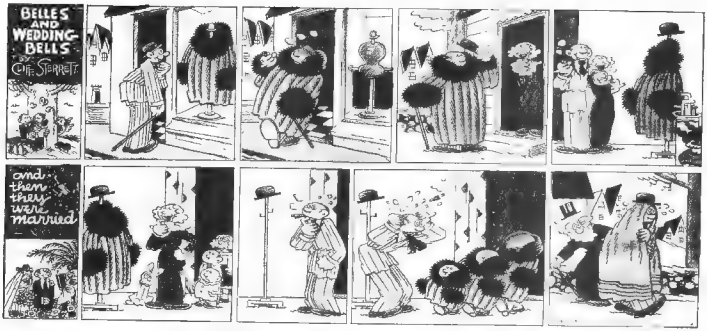
Polly and Her Pals



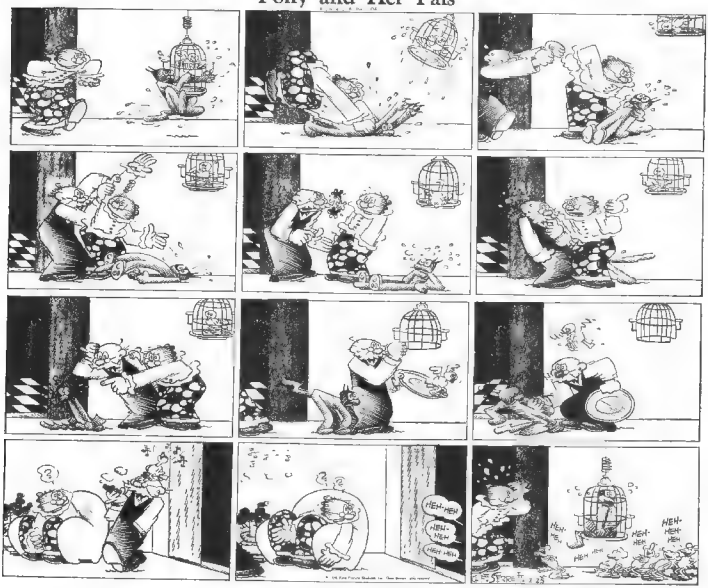

SWEET HEARTS AND WIVES
BY CLIFF STERRETT
OH, SEE THE PRETTY WATER LILY!
I GUESS THAT'S SERVICE, HUH?
WHY WILLY AIN'T YOU IT WONDERFUL!
And then they were married
OH WILLY LET'S CLIMB UP THERE AN' PICK THEM PRETTY DAISIES
WOTCHA TAKE ME FER A MOUNTAIN GOAT?
I THINK YOURE HORRID! I NEVER ASK YOU TO BUY ME FLOWERS, AN' THE LEAST YOU KIN DO IS TTLEMME PICK 'EM!
HECK! I AIN'T STOPPIN YOU!
HERE'S A HULL FIELD FULLA DANDELIONS, I HOP TO IT!!

Polly and Her Pals





Polly and Her Pals



NOW YOU CAN *SUBSCRIBE* TO THE EC LIBRARY!

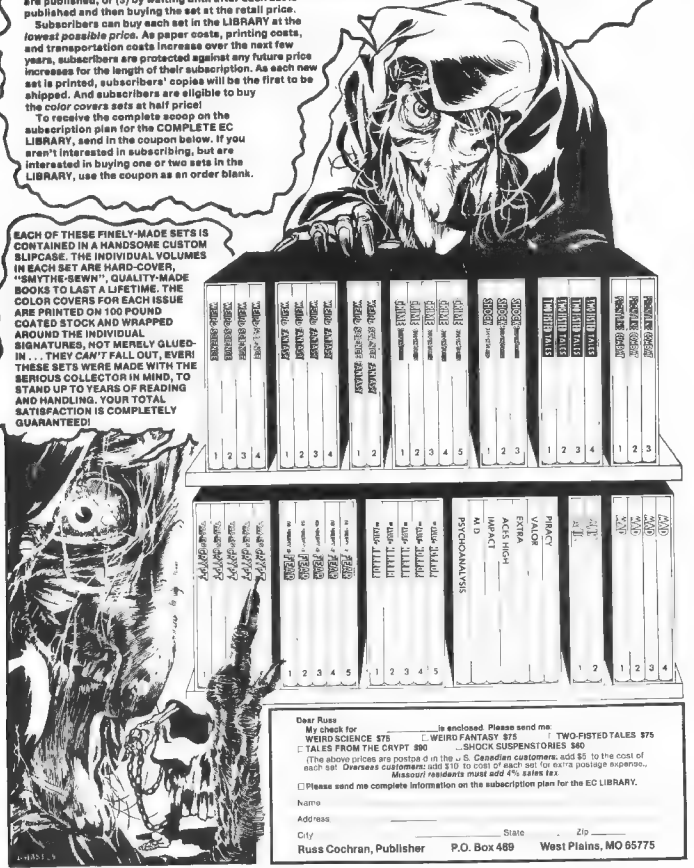
Can there be any boys and ghouls out there in comic-book land who are not yet aware of Russ Cochran's monumental project of reprinting all of the great EC "New Trend" comic books in a series of deluxe hardcover sets called THE COMPLETE EC LIBRARY?

What you may not know is that there are *three* different ways for a collector to buy sets in the LIBRARY. These are: (1) By *subscribing* to the sets you want to buy, (2) by accepting pre-publication offers for the sets as they are published, or (3) by waiting until after each set is published and then buying the set at the retail price.

Subscribers can buy each set in the LIBRARY at the *lowest possible price.* As paper costs, printing costs, and transportation costs increase over the next few years, subscribers are protected against any future price increases for the length of their subscription. As each new set is printed, subscribers' copies will be the first to be shipped. And subscribers are eligible to buy the *color covers sets* at half price!

To receive the complete scoop on the subscription plan for the COMPLETE EC LIBRARY, send in the coupon below. If you aren't interested in subscribing, but are interested in buying one or two sets in the LIBRARY, use the coupon as an order blank.

EACH OF THESE FINELY-MADE SETS IS CONTAINED IN A HANDSOME CUSTOM SLIPCASE. THE INDIVIDUAL VOLUMES IN EACH SET ARE HARD-COVER, "SMYTHE-SEWN", QUALITY-MADE BOOKS TO LAST A LIFETIME. THE COLOR COVERS FOR EACH ISSUE ARE PRINTED ON 100 POUND COATED STOCK AND WRAPPED AROUND THE INDIVIDUAL SIGNATURES, NOT MERELY GLUED-IN . . . THEY *CAN'T* FALL OUT, EVER! THESE SETS WERE MADE WITH THE SERIOUS COLLECTOR IN MIND, TO STAND UP TO YEARS OF READING AND HANDLING. YOUR TOTAL SATISFACTION IS COMPLETELY GUARANTEED!



Dear Russ

My check for _____ is enclosed. Please send me:

WEIRD SCIENCE $75 ☐ WEIRD FANTASY $75 ☐ TWO-FISTED TALES $75

☐ TALES FROM THE CRYPT $90 ☐ SHOCK SUSPENSTORIES $60

(The above prices are postpaid in the U.S. *Canadian customers:* add $5 to the cost of each set. *Overseas customers:* add $10 to cost of each set for extra postage expense.) *Missouri residents must add 4% sales tax.*

☐ Please send me complete information on the subscription plan for the EC LIBRARY.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Russ Cochran, Publisher **P.O. Box 489** **West Plains, MO 65775**

© 1982 Russ Cochran, Publisher

Browne the Magnificent:

King Feature Syndicate

On Comics, Commentary, and Contentment

Ever since Hagar the Horrible *debuted ten years ago—in February of 1973—I have maintained that Dik Browne is one of those rare souls who could be termed a late bloomer, except that he has been a genius all his life. Vintage Browne can be from any period of his career, but he is by all accounts improving constantly and, in his own gentle way, with a creative vengeance.*

His improbable Viking hero became in its time the fastest-growing new comic strip in history. It now appears in more than 1400 newspapers, and its client list is forever increasing. Browne of course still produces the artwork on Hi and Lois, *and has involved himself in children's book illustration and other projects. Among the other pursuits are graphic novels for the European market.*

Hagar is seen by millions every day, so legions of fans share daily insights into Browne's unique, warm worldview. But even his devoted fans are less familiar with earlier aspects of his remarkable career. In January of 1983 I interviewed Browne in his Florida home via telephone. We intended to recall some of those early days... the friends, the plans, the dreams, the pitfalls and pratfalls, the stories of how quality and success came almost unbidden to this amiable genius, considering as well the current state-of-the-art.

The stories about Dik Browne are so many that the books of the world could not hold them. (Heywood Broun was described as looking like an unmade bed; Browne has been compared to an unmade bed with Heywood Broun sleeping in it. Browne was dressed in typically unkempt, absent-minded and... eclectic... fashion one morning, and his wife Joan said good-bye: "I hope you get lost; I'd love to describe you to the police!") But those are stories about Dik Browne. Following is Dik Browne, and along the way observations on life, comics, commentary and contentment.

The words of an early bloomer. . and authentic perennial.

—Rick Marschall

HÄGAR The Horrible
by DIK BROWNE
OH, DEAR — THIS LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE
GET HOYER
HELP us!
I AM HAGAR THE HORRIBLE, TERROR OF THE NORTH AND SCOURGE OF EUROPE! SURRENDER OR ELSE! WHAT DO YOU SAY?
MY LAWYER WILL TALK FOR ME
Villain! I hereby Order you to Cease and Desist all Intrusions & Invasions on the privacy & property of my Clients
And I Charge you with Trespass, in Arm's Battery as grazin of Badmouthing with Malaise before thought and further
I Demand Restitution, Damages, Whiplash & Justice! What say you?
GUILTY!
HE'S EXPENSIVE — BUT HE'S GOOD — REAL GOOD!

Courtesy and © King Features Syndicate

MARSCHALL: *This isn't going to be very deep or very long but I appreciate the time.*

BROWNE: That describes me perfectly—short and shallow.

MARSCHALL: *What's your reaction to the statement that you are one of the last Platonists in a world of Aristotleans?*

BROWNE: Who made that remark?

MARSCHALL: *I made that remark.*

BROWNE: You did?

MARSCHALL: *Yes.*

BROWNE: Well it has some possibility to it. I know I certainly don't belong to these times, do I?

MARSCHALL: *I don't think so. You didn't do* Hagar the Commuter.

BROWNE: Well I'm probably the last twitch of the romantic movement. *[general laughter].* See I think of Plato as a romanticist.

MARSCHALL: *A romanticist?*

BROWNE. Sure, and Aristotle as a hard-bitten realist.

MARSCHALL: *[Laughter] This will be more mundane, but we'll go chronologically. You started on the* New York Journal *as a copyboy. Is that right?*

BROWNE: Yes after much hard work I rose to the position of copyboy. I think I was paid eight or ten dollars a week.

MARSCHALL: *That used to be like the log cabin legend with presidents –the necessary ingredient for a successful cartoonist: beginning as a copyboy.*

BROWNE: I'm afraid that's all gone. We have apprentices and things like that and I think something has gone out of the newspaper calling because of that. And that's a shame. You know, several times they tried to start a Copyboy's Association and I don't think they ever succeeded because by the time they start one the people are so old the membership dies out within a few weeks.

MARSCHALL: *[Laughter]. Ernie Bushmiller who just passed on, was a copyboy with the* New York World. *As was Walter Berndt and all those people who worked...*

BROWNE: Practically anybody who was anybody was a copyboy at one time, at that period.

MARSCHALL: *Were you in the newsroom, the art department ?*

BROWNE. The newsroom.

MARSCHALL: *You say you rose to copyboy, did you actually get to do art chores on the* Journal *eventually...?*

BROWNE. Yes I did. Mostly because I think they realized that there was no future for me in the newsroom. I don't think I was tremendously well equipped for it. I couldn't ask the embarrassing question which was so necessary to that type of journalism. And I had a rather short span of attention. And I think I had more of the novelist's eye than the observer's eye. Although I don't think that that completely removes you from the Hearst employment of that period, they found it somewhat offensive. I also used to get lost very easily in my native city, forgetting telephone numbers, that sort of thing.

MARSCHALL: *And that was New York right?*

BROWNE: That was New York where I was born, August the eleventh, 1917, which some people say was the turning point of World War I. But I had nothing to do with it whatsoever.

MARSCHALL: *You must have done something on the* Journal *that* Newsweek *swept you away?*

BROWNE: What eventually happened on the *Journal* is that they would from time to time recognize the fact that I doodled rather well. You know, I'd do caricatures of people around the newsroom. There's the short attention span again. And they would say to me, "Look, we can't get a photographer or a grown-up artist into a courtroom, but we could sneak in an undersized, underweight copyboy." And so they would send me into the courtroom, the theory being that I would then smuggle the artwork out and then have an artist finish it. But it turned out that my artwork was just good enough to be used as such. And as a result, when not running copy or doing things like that I covered the Luciano trial (Lucky Luciano) and Murder, Inc., and several others. No extra pay, but great experience. And they kept saying to me, "Why don't you go into the Art Department?" And I would say "No, no, I want to be Joel McCrea." I did have the raincoat, by the way. That was the first thing I think I bought, this trenchcoat. I want that

I CAN NEVER MARRY UNTIL BURGUNDY IS FREE!
OH, PIERRE!
THERE GOES AN IDEALIST
OR A CHEAP DRUNK!
Courtesy and © King Features Syndicate

police coat," you know. And they would shake their head. But in time, I did get some advancement. I was assistant to the Night City Editor down there although the pay was practically nothing. But at any rate, there came a day when a very nice man, Leo Monsky—who eventually rose to be quite an executive with the Hearst Corporation—said: "Put him in the art Department, because we are going to need art. World War II is coming, our maps are in terrible shape, nobody knows where Germany is." *(General laughter).* And somehow they knew that I was mildly political so I could locate a map. I learned fast, so they put me in there. And I was only in there a very short time when a man who had worked at the *Journal American* went to *Newsweek*—his name was Jack Caldwell—and he had been impressed by the artwork that I did. You see, I'd had no success whatsoever selling myself as a reporter or a writer, and worked very hard really. But times were of course very difficult in those days because of the Depression, and you really needed an edge. I had an edge and it was artwork, but I didn't realize it. But as soon as I went into the Art Department, everything opened up. Suddenly *Newsweek*, and there were other opportunities as a matter of fact besides *Newsweek*, but *Newsweek* was the first big thing. And if I remember correctly, they tripled my salary at *Newsweek*. I was making $75 a week, and that was a hell of a lot of money then. And I suddenly became affluent.

MARSCHALL: *Doing maps.*

BROWNE: Doing maps. And war illustration, that sort of thing. But I knew it was very short because I was also 1-A. So I could be drafted at any time. All the breaks came at once. My father had been very ill for years and I'd been supporting him. And his health did improve to the point where he was able to get a job, and the week that he got a job was the week that I got an offer from *Newsweek* and I turned to Joan and said "I may be going into the Army very shortly, so let's get married." I had met Joan, you see. And I got married out of *Newsweek* one Sunday afternoon at Holy Cross Church on the West Side of 42nd Street. Everything in my life that has ever happened to me, has happened on 42nd Street.

MARSCHALL: *I hope not any more.*

BROWNE. Why?

MARSCHALL: *Because 42nd Street is different now than it was then.*

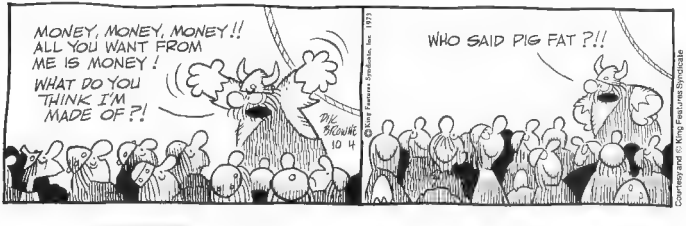
BROWNE: I know. I've heard. More's the pity. But my grandmother and great-grandmother were both born on 42nd Street. My mother worked on it. I worked on it. My aunt worked there. That was our street, 42nd Street.

MARSCHALL: *My grandfather's parents had a grocery store on I think 43rd, and then Stern's came in, and bought the property.*

BROWNE: Yes. Sterns was over by 6th Avenue, between 5th and 6th. But we were a little further east, our origins were in a place called Goat Hill, where the Daily News building now stands.

MARSCHALL: *You told me at one time that your first effort in comics was a Yiddish strip.*

BROWNE: Oh, that was long before. That was when I was a copyboy. It was amazing to me, the number of people who said to me "Listen, you've got to do some artwork." And among the many was a young fellow from one of the (wire) services, but I mean he was a copyboy, I assume, looking back. I was going to say messenger because I see him in that role, but he was probably a copyboy. And anyway, his name was Meringorf


MONEY, MONEY, MONEY!! ALL YOU WANT FROM ME IS MONEY! WHAT DO YOU THINK I'M MADE OF?!
DIK BROWNE 10 4
© King Features Syndicate, Inc. 1937
WHO SAID PIG FAT?!!
Courtesy and © King Features Syndicate

First in a series of portraits of Cartooning Greats by Stan Drake appearing exclusively in *Nemo*.

back here again with samples this BAD!

Well—what do *you* want? The kid rose and silently walked very smartly out the same door.

artists. We all were so relieved that the War was over that somehow work came after the fun.

It could go on for hours—and has

Stan Drake

Courtesy and © King Features Syndicate

and I have to stretch my memory to remember that name, but I'm pretty sure it was Meringorf, and he said he had a great idea. He said, "Have you ever read Sholem Alachem?" And I said "How are you?" and he said "No, he's a writer." Then he began telling me that one of the things that he was dedicated to was the translation of Sholem Alachem. And we began talking about Sholem Alachem and as a matter of fact, he took me to a restaurant where Sholem Alachem—and your idol, Theodore Roosevelt—would eat. No, I take that back, I think it was a bakery. But when Roosevelt was Police Chief of New York he would drop by there. But out of this he said ' Listen, would you like to make some extra money?" I was ravenous to earn extra money in any form, anything. He said, "I'll write, you draw .. we'll do a Yiddish comic strip." I said, "But you'll do the lettering." He said 'absolutely." *[laughter]* So I drew from right to left, and it was called *Muttle the Gonif*. The writer transformed Shalom Alachem's character into a little refugee boy of the 1930s, with all the contemporary problems and factors and backdrops. . It was a little like *Dondi* of some years later now that I look back. We did take the strip around and it was fun to do because as I say it was the first time I d ever done anything like that. And he would tell me, "Put this expression on him, having him pointing that way." And he was very nice—he took a terrible chance because he put me down as his co-author and took it around to all these publications. There were many in New York at the time on East Broadway.

MARSCHALL: *The* Forward, *and others.*

BROWNE: There were about four or five of them, and we went to about three. We started at the top with the *Forward* and I believe that the man we saw who looked like an Egyptian mummy or Gandhi or something was Abe Kahn—but he was referred to as the Pulitzer of East Broadway. He was a newspaper tycoon. Well, it laid a bomb there because although they had a rotogravure section (that's how prosperous that paper was) I don't think they had overcome the idea of graven images, or maybe it was just a very bad comic strip (general laughter). This is almost a test of memory. I think I'm talking more than you want to know. You want to go into other things?

MARSCHALL: *Well, just finish this up. I'll listen fast.*

BROWNE: I'm trying to remember. There was another paper called *Der Tag*, but that was sort of religious, very conservative. And there was another paper in between, and that was the closest to a sale we came, the guy said something like he "might be interested." *[laughter]* This was all in Yiddish, by the way, which I didn't understand, because my friend said, ' Let me do the talking, you just nod you head. Follow my lead. With a name like Browne, who'll know.' *[laughter]*

MARSCHALL: *I was wondering if you changed your name to Braunstein for business reasons.*

BROWNE: I was almost not born once because my grandmother and my grandfather on opposite sides of the family had a small confrontation because he thought the name Slattery, which was her name, was rather amusing. And she said ' Well, at least it's Irish—*anybody* could have the name Browne." That was almost better than a contraceptive as far as keeping me from being born. Because there was this big ruckus about this. But anyway, we almost sold it (the strip) but I think the figure quoted was $5 a week. *[laughter]*

MARSCHALL: *To split?*

BROWNE: To split. But he said, "But it must also be hilarious."

MARSCHALL: *[laughter].*

BROWNE: ...And I think that's what finally broke my back because I didn't think I could sustain it. But finally my friend

WHAT'S THAT ?
THE LIGHT OF LEARNING
EVEN IN THE DARK AGES WE KEEP ITS FLAME ALIVE TO BRING PEACE TO MANKIND.
GREAT!
CAN YOU HOLD IT A LITTLE CLOSER TILL I FINISH THIS SWORD ?

Courtesy and © King Features Syndicate

HAGAR
THE HORRIBLE
by DIK BROWNE
MORE WINE FOR THE HEAD TABLE AND WATCH THE GUY WITH THE RED BEARD. HE HOOKS WITH THOSE HORNS.
BOY! THE SERVICE TONIGHT IS JUST ROTTEN!
YEAH? WAIT TIL YOU TRY THE FOOD
PARTIES SURE AREN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE
NOTHING'S WHAT IT USED TO BE
YOU'VE GOT THE ENGLISH BUILDING BIGGER CASTLES. SO NOW WE GOT TO BUILD BIGGER BOATS. WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO GET CREWS? PEOPLE DON'T WANT TO WORK ANYMORE
THEN THERE'S ALL THIS TALK ABOUT MORAL ... WHATEVER THAT IS! I'M TELLING YOU, IT'S A CHANGING WORLD
IT MAY BE THE END OF CIVILIZATION AS WE KNOW IT
2-25

A Sunday page from the first month of *Hagar* (February 25, 1973).

Courtesy and © King Features Syndicate

and I shook hands, parted and decided that we'd never make a buck together and I think he gave it to a Jewish fraternal or philanthropic organization and whether they ever used it for anything I don't know.

MARSCHALL: *Very parenthetically, you mentioned Shalom Aachem and Roosevelt. There's a story that when Roosevelt was Police Commissioner, there was a fellow, and I forget his name, but a notorious anti-semite who came over from Germany to incite that movement here. And Roosevelt was urged to keep him from speaking and he said he couldn't do that: free speech and everything—but what he did was detail 80 Jewish cops to protect the guy wherever he spoke and it took the wind out of the whole silly thing.*

BROWNE: A funny man, that Roosevelt. You know, I revere him but he is not at the absolute top of my Christmas tree.

MARSCHALL: *Was it after the Army that you went to Johnstone and Cushing (advertising agency)?*

BROWNE: Yes. My job at *Newsweek* was long gone because there is a lot of talk about getting your job back, but after every war I now realize that it doesn't work out because they must have hired at least ten people to take my place while I was away. And it was an absolute blessing that I didn't go back because I wasn't really a good map man. But I ran all over looking for employment. And one of the places I went to was King Features.

MARSCHALL: *Really?*

BROWNE: Yeah. Isn't this funny? And I saw man named Walters over there and I don't know if he's since retired or died. But he had an executive position over there and he was very nice to me but I had no samples. And it's awfully hard to get a job as a cartoonist when you don't have any samples. I just *told* them how I drew. (*laughter*) I said: Do you know Harry Haenigsen? Do you know Peter Arno? Well I'm sort of between Peter Arno and Harry. (*laughter*) And he's say, "No kidding." And we talked. I guess he liked me style but I had no "in" there, no connection at all. And he said: let me see if I can't get you a job. And I figured that's the brushoff. I finally through several friends was referred to a woman talent hunter, she made a couple of phone calls and said: "Try Johnstone and Cushing." So I ran over to Johnstone and Cushing and, "Is this a secure phone?"

MARSCHALL: *Yes.*

BROWNE: Well I'll cut out the cussing. It's kind of a funny story but anyway I said I was looking for work, and Tom Johnstone who was a fabulous character somebody should really do a book about him: fabulous guy—was playing the piano.

MARSCHALL: *In the office?*

BROWNE: Yes. In his office, very loud and very badly. Ragtime he was playing. And Betty Rhinehardt went in and said: "There's a guy out here looking for work." And he said: "Can he play the piano?" She leaned out the door and said: "Can you play the piano?" I said no, and he told me physically what I could do with myself (general laughter) so I got up and I started to walk out. And a nice man named Jack Cushing, his partner, followed me out and said, "Hey wait a minute. Don't

Interior art from a recent Browne family Christmas card. Browne's depiction of his own family members celebrating with characters from his two strips.

pay any attention to him. Where are your samples?' And I said I don't have any *(laughter)* and I began the whole thing again. ' Well, it's sort of like...' *(general laughter)* What are the odds of ever ending up in a place like that, a—zillion to one? I went home to Joan, and I'd seen I don't know how many places that day, but I went home, it was a Friday afternoon, and the phone rang and it was a guy named Al Stenzel. And Al Stenzel said

You're the guy I just talked to'; I had met him earlier in the day. It was getting pretty late by then about 6 o clock, and he said 'Can you get right back up here (to Johnstone and Cushing)?' I said sure, and I think I took a cab, with my limited funds, back up there. The reason he called me was that their house artist had gone on vacation and a job had come in and it was for a display of love lamps. Love lamps were aphrodisiacs that gave off a soft glow at night. This was to show how to display them. And this was on a weekend; I didn t know anything about photostatting or anything like that, so over the weekend—I think I counted up 1000 individual lamps over the weekend, drawing them stacked in display windows, animating them...that's a lot of love lamps, and I was waiting on their doorstep Monday morning for the agency to open up *(laughter)*. And why they ever took a chance on me. I don t know But they looked at them and said Great, have a seat, we may have something else for you.'' And I noticed that the job I did all that work for was still there two days later. *(laughter)*

MARSCHALL: *And what did drawing all those lamps do for your love life?*

BROWNE: I don't know. But they said ' Would you like your money now?'' It was very unusual, but they must have realized that anybody waiting for them to open up in the morning was broke. And it was an astronomical sum—I think it was a $300 job. I damned near dropped dead. That's a year's income! And if I remember I took Joan out that night and I think she put a down payment on a suit or something. And the next day, I got a call when I got back. And the next job they gave me was for the Ford Motor Co. and it was to show the interior of the River Rouge plant with about 20 lines of cars *(laughter)* vanishing into the horizon. That was the next job they gave me.

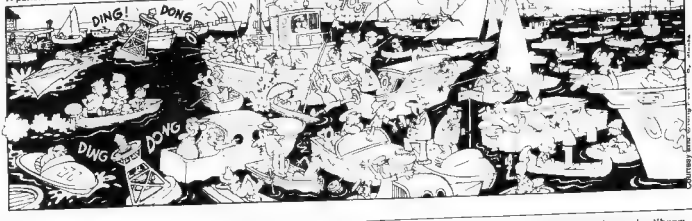
MARSCHALL: *Not exactly bigfoot stuff (cartooney style).*

BROWNE: No- well I didn't turn bigfoot for quite a while. All of my accounts up there were quite straight to begin with. So I did that job and they liked that one And they were very competitive They would throw an account out for grabs. They had about 20 people on staff, and you would compete for it, you d do a dummy or something. And I got lucky. I began to grab off accounts. I got Mennen, and so forth and so on. And I think I was working there maybe half a year before I made a positive decision myself: I liked drawing bigfoot better, I did it much faster, and overall, the money was just as good. And nobody could criticize you But if you did the other thing, and you did a lousy drawing ..but you can't say that to a bigfoot artist

MARSCHALL: *You're not supposed to, anyway (laughter). What you call luck and everything...Gil Fox, who worships you, has this story about when he was at Johnstone and Cushing too, about you working at the drawing board and talking at the same time and looking up as you were talking and your hand going on for five minutes or so completing the drawing without ever once looking down.*

BROWNE: And drinking coffee all the while. *(laughter)* You see and these are all the things that would make a person a

A panel from an early *Hi and Lois*, showing Browne's love of detail .. and his humorous inventiveness.



Hi and Lois
by
MORT WALKER
and DIK BROWNE
DOT! DITKO IS TOO DARK TO BE OUT HERE
IT NOW WE EXPECT ARE IN!
COME ON, CHILDREN IT'S TIME FOR BED
AW WE WERE PLAYING A GAME
CAN'T WE STAY OUT JUST ONE MORE MINUTE?
YEAH THAT WON'T WORK
WE SLEEP LATE THIS MORNING WE'RE NOT
YOU MADE IS GO TO BED EARLY LAST NIGHT AND I COULDN'T GO TO SLEEP!
I EVEN TOOK A NAP IN THE CAR WHEN WE WENT SHOPPING
WE CAN SLEEP LATE TOMORROW
TIMMY'S FOLKS LET HIM STAY UP 'TIL MIDNIGHT
YEAH WE WON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO TOMORROW WE WISH WE COULD RAIN
MAYBE WE SHOULD GIVE THEM AND HER HALF HOUR AHEAD GAME ARE THEY PLAYING?
I'D CALLED HER HOW MUCH DAILY WE CAN HELP BETTAN
ANOTHER TWINS
B 29

Courtesy and © King Features Syndicate

For years the traditional *Hi and Lois* autumn page would feature Browne's delicate shadings and textured renderings over Walker's often sentimental themes.

bad reporter. Sheer obliviousness. Did he ever tell you about the day I drank coffee and inked a page and didn't realize the whole office did—that half the time I was putting my brush in the coffee, and I was drinking India ink? *[general laughter]* And inking the whole damn page at the same time?

MARSCHALL: *In sepia tones.*

BROWNE: Well, they took it.

MARSCHALL: *(laughter) With one lump or two?*

BROWNE: Incidentally, it was at that desk there, which I had for about 5 years and loved it, where I got an offer to do a strip *[Hi and Lois]*. It's so funny, because I didn't want to leave *Journal-American* to go to *Newsweek*. All my friends, and Joan, almost had to force me to go to *Newsweek* because I loved the *Journal American*. And I'm sure I would have loved *Newsweek* if they had let me stay after the war, because it was very comfortable. And the same thing happened at Johnstone and Cushing. But when I finally made the deal with Mort [Walker] and Sylvan [Byck, Comics Editor of King Features], before I made it, I went back and thought it over. And Al Stenzel and some of the people and I got together and talked about it, because it was so clear. I had seen people get strips and become prisoners of them .. I didn't know anybody who had made a lot of money doing a strip. I knew that they were a gamble. So my friends had to say to me, "Don't be dopey, take it." So if I'm successful, it's almost against my will.

MARSCHALL: *Dragged kicking and screaming... In this period of your life, you created the Chiquita Banana symbol and redesigned the Campbell Soup Kids. For all those credits and later on with* Hi and Lois *and* Hagar *are you aware that there is a whole generation of readers who will forever think your greatest contribution was* The Tracy Twins *[*In Boy's Life *Magazine]?*

BROWNE: I'm amazed at that because I still get mail on that...

MARSCHALL: *I'll bet you do. It was a great feature.*

BROWNE: ... from people who must now be in their 40s or even older, who remember the Tracy Twins. I did that with Al Stenzel.

MARSCHALL: *He wrote it?*

BROWNE: Al Stenzel wrote it, although my name appeared on it. I did create the characters in it, yes, but Al was the month-to-month writer on the thing and it was a joy to do, fun to do.

MARSCHALL: *I really think that some of the nicest artwork you ever did was for that feature. It looks like you put a lot of detail and love into that feature.*

BROWNE: I've always enjoyed drawing, really. It's always been fun for me. That's why I've always felt funny about being a cartoonist. I should be something like a reporter because that's real work. Cartooning really isn't, for some reason or another. Did you know incidentally, and this is for the record, where "Bigfoot" comes from?

MARSCHALL: *The term bigfoot? No. Alaska, I think... The monster up there. (laughter)*

BROWNE: It comes from Johnstone and Cushing, and I have a collateral interest in (inventing it). I'm not sure how you say who invents something but Stan Drake used to sit next to me and Stan used to say "Jesus Christ, look at the feet! *(Marschall laughs)* That's not a foot! That's a goddam loaf of

THE TRACY TWINS
DICK & MORT BROWNE
DON'T CHANGE YOUR DRAWING BOYS, YOU'LL GET FAN MAIL!
WE'RE BUYING TO WIN OUR EVENTS IN THE SUMMER OLYMPIC GAMES!
EVERYBODY GOT ALL EXCITED WHEN THE OLYMPIC GAMES CAME TO THE SETTLEMENT FROM AMERICA. ABOUT FIVE MILES AWAY TO OUR TOWN.
I GUESS THAT'S SOMEWHAT FLY AN' BIRDY OUT
THE TWO INDIANS, WHO HAVE CHARGING HAIR DON'T NEED A CHIEF'S FEATHER
HEAP BIG SCRAP. WE LOSE UP TO TWO MEN. THEY GET FREE SCALPING
WHAT HAPPENED NEXT?
WELL— THEY WERE GIVEN A HANDICAP BECAUSE THEY'D SCALPED ALL THE INDIANS IN THE RACE SO THEY WON EASY! HEE HEE!
SOME RACE YOU RUN UP HERE
NO, NOT INDIANS. WERE NORMAL HAIR. THEY CHASED MY RABBIT ALL THE WAY TO THE CORRAL WHICH WAS CALLED TO WARN STRANGERS
HAPPY ANSWER WITH A GLOWING TORCH AND THE GAMES WERE READY TO BEGIN. THE TORCH, BY THE WAY, WAS THE FIRE CHIEF'S BRAND FIRE YOUNGLY
LET THE GAMES BEGIN!
HE PUT OUT SO FAST ALL HE STINK IN THE NEXT WEEK. THE TWO INDIANS WHOSE HAIR WAS WHOOSH
YEA, FRENCY'S WINNER!
WHO ARE THOSE TWO KIDDIES?
I DON'T KNOW, BUT THEY'LL SURE RAN FAST
LOOK, THERE UN FIRE STRUCK!
COME ON, WE MUST GET AWAY FROM HERE, QUICK!
WHAT HAPPENED NEXT?
NO, NO, INDIANS CATCH RABBIT
WELL— THEY WERE GIVEN A HANDICAP BECAUSE THEY'D SCALPED ALL THE INDIANS IN THE RACE SO THEY WON EASY! HEE HEE!

Collection of Rick Marschall

For years Browne drew *The Tracy Twins* for *Boy's Life* magazine. In the full page he would devote time and attention, resulting in detailed, well-composed artwork.

bread! *(general laughter)* "You do really gorgeous drawings with these *damn big feet*! " And it used to bother the hell out of him so I once made a little dotted line that separates our desks, the high-class artist Stan Drake where they use things like anatomy and crap like that, and the bigfoot art. Later on I heard someone describe Stan Drake as a wrinkle artist. But that was not the term used then. I think they just called themselves real artists. " *(laughter)*

MARSCHALL: *I would like to someday do for whoever would publish it, a history of Johnstone and Cushing and all the great talent that passed through there.*

BROWNE: I have more funny stories about Johnstone and Cushing than about any other part of my life That was the funniest place, we were all young and gay, and none of us were making a great deal of money. As a matter of fact, I had to take a cut in pay when I started *Hi and Lois* *(laughter)*. I held on to Johnstone and Cushing for a year but I had to cut down on the work But there were times when we had as many as 12 chessboards going in the office and we had such interesting games as pitching pennies. Stan Drake, Leonard Starr, Dik Browne, Red (Elmer) Wexler. You name them. Pitching pennies to the line .. and we would go on for hours. One day, and this is just a brief story, In come a lot of official-looking people and we happened to be busy at the time. They walked in and looked all over the place and they walked out.... The next morning workmen showed up and started tearing out the floor. And we thought this was very strange: it was right where we pitch pennies. Well, it turns out that somebody in the building, Chase Bank or something, had complained about something being wrong with the pipes—they kept going "ping!"

MARSCHALL: *(Laughter)*

BROWNE: So they tore up the whole goddam quarter of the floor *(laughter)*. So that didn t stop Stan Drake. Stan began a whole new thing He began another contest where we would throw pushpins at a board. Did you ever see any body do that?

MARSCHALL: *Would they stick?*

BROWNE: Yes, and with deadly accuracy. This was followed by Stan Drake, and I guess I contributed a little bit in rocket wars. We would make rockets out of tinfoil and matches set fire to them and shoot them across the room (General laughter)

MARSCHALL: *Grown men.*

BROWNE: Grown-- and having fun Having fun. There are so many stories

MARSCHALL: *This is the place where Stan celebrated St Patrick's day in the men's room, wasn't it?*

BROWNE: Yeah, we had a lot of laughs We had a mural that [Craig] Flessel painted that was unbelievable. He had a horse that went around 8 walls. and a woman s bosom that went around four, and he had baby feet marks that went clear across the ceiling, so that if you looked up you d swear that a baby had walked like a fly *(laughter)* But you know the sad thing? They got so successful that they came in and they cleaned up the joint, got very businesslike. And of course the business immediately went to hell.

MARSCHALL: *And that's what did them in. You were working there when you started* Hi and Lois, *and am I right, was it Sylvan who got you and Mort together... or did you know Mort previously?*

BROWNE: No I d never met Mort, or Sylvan either. I never knew either one of them.

MARSCHALL: *He just knew your work?*

BROWNE: Well you know that story I'm sure you must have heard that one. About the impacted wisdom tooth of Sylvan's?

MARSCHALL: *No, no.*

BROWNE: Well, I didn t sign my work for two reasons. When I was on the *Journal American*, I did a map that was widely copied throughout the world I guess. UPI King Features, International News... But anyway, I signed my name—and I signed it with such panache that somebody in the Hearst Corporation said, "What the hell is Dik Browne? A new ocean?" *(laughter)* And a long letter came down pointing out that artists' names should never be larger than the name of a continent.

And at Johnstone and Cushing, I guess I must have been their number one artist in all modesty, because I did as many as five different candy accounts in one year. That's a lot of candy accounts. So you never signed your name. I had two different magazine accounts one year that I did, one of which was *Newsweek*—how's that for revenge? *(laughter)* But anyway, you didn t sign your name because that limited your income. And I would change my style. They ask "What do you draw like?" and I'd say "Who do you want?" *(laughter)* So it was strictly a way to make a living and have a little fun. So I never signed anything, except once I signed a Peter Paul

account that I did and I really don t know why I signed it. I think it was the only thing I *did* sign at Johnstone and Cushing. Mort Walker saw it, and he liked it. wrote my name down, because the two of them (Byck and Walker) had been looking for an artist to work with Mort on a new strip still unnamed. They had quite a list—I've seen the list — and they had about 20 names. But since mine was the new name on the list, for some reason I guess he stuck it at the top.

Sylvan Byck had an impacted wisdom tooth that same weekend. He went to the dentist and there's *Boy's Life*, he opens it up and he sees *The Tracy Twins*, which we were just talking about

MARSCHALL: *And which you did sign.*

BROWNE: And actually the two styles didn t look at all like each other but they didn t have time to compare notes on that so he wrote down my name. The next day they had an appointment together, now, remember, I don't know anything that is going on. They meet in his office. And one guy says, "I saw a guy's work I like ' and the other says ' I'll be damned, I saw the same thing. Dik Browne. How do you get in touch with him?' And it took them a while to figure that out. I don t know how they finally did but Sylvan tracked me down over at Johnstone and Cushing, and he called up and I was sitting at my desk when the phone rang, and I picked it up. He said 'Dik Browne?' I said 'Yes.' 'This is Sylvan Byck.' a name which meant nothing to me, although I had worked with his brother years before..

MARSCHALL: *Lester [promotion man at King Features]?*

BROWNE: Yeah, but at that moment, the name didn t mean anything. And he said ' How would you like to do a comic strip?' And I said ' Sure I d love to. Big bucks. Let me call you right back, what's your number?' And he gave me his number and I hung up the phone and I immediately went outside to Jack Cushing s office and nobody was there

MARSCHALL: *You thought it was a practical Joke?*

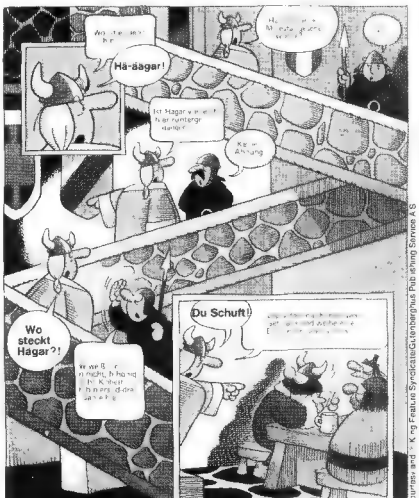
BROWNE: Sure. So I went back inside thinking, 'That son of a bitch, it's that goddam Stan Drake.

MARSCHALL: *[Laughter]*

BROWNE: So I was back at my desk and I called up Sylvan Byck at King Features. And he said ' I'm here with Mort Walker. Would you like to come over and talk to us?' And I said "Yeah . But my brain is going ' What is this?" So I went over there and talked to them. He said, "Do you think you could draw us up some characters?' And I think we were to meet the next day, or something. So I drew up some characters. I called Stan Drake—who incidentally had just gotten a comic strip, *The Heart of Juliet Jones* -at King, and I got the rundown, what the hell was going on. Stan said it was the damnedest thing, because evidently, Stan had just walked into the office after I left or something and they said to him "Do you know Dik Browne?' And he said "Do I know Dik Browne! He s the greatest! Can you imagine getting a recommendation from Stan Drake? So that's how the whole thing started. Mort and I got together and we had a drink at the Pen and Pencil and we talked about religion and that's how it all started. We shook hands, and that s all we still have, is a handshake

MARSCHALL: *Just a handshake?*

BROWNE: Yeah



Courtesy of © by Fraikue Syndicate Gutenberghus Publishing Service A/S

Some of Browne's recent activity has been overseeing production of Hagar graphic novels for the European market. Published by Gutenberghus in Denmark, the books are also licensed in the German and British markets (the page above is from the German edition of *Hagar, Konig von England*, which documents the events leading to Hagar's coronation as the first British monarch).

MARSCHALL: *And a great comic strip. Have you ever thought that if Sylvan had had an ingrown toenail instead of an impacted wisdom tooth what you'd be doing today?*

BROWNE: I have thought of so many things in my life. You know, What If. You could give yourself the shiver and shakes or make yourself into a laughing stock if you went through it all. Do you know I missed meeting Don Ulsh by half an hour?

MARSCHALL: *Is that one of the major regrets of your life?*

BROWNE: No, but I mean it shows you how fate is, you know. I must tell you, I say I'd never really thought of doing a strip before, but during the war my friend Jack Caldwell who was at *Newsweek* and who was a good friend of mine, wrote me in Florida and said, "Would you like to do a comic strip?" —so people must have always had the idea that I could do one— and he said at that time Harry Haenigsen was in charge of getting together some strips towards the end of the war. The *Herald-Tribune* was going to start a syndicate. And Harry was supposed to be in charge, but his position didn't last. So I draw up a strip, and the name of the strip was *Rembrandt*.

Copyright © 1972 Mort Walker and Dik Browne

That night at dinner, Tad saw a piece of paper fall from Booney's hat into his soup. "What's this?"

Booney picked it up and read, "Magic words for lost children
Child's name . . . Father's name . . . Home address"

A page from *Land of the Lost Things*, another collaboration between Mort Walker and Dik Browne—this time a children's book.

MARSCHALL: *Rembrandt?*

BROWNE: Not a bad name, now that I look back at it. I sent it off to him. The strip was essentially about street people. Anyway, eventually after the war or something, I never did see the strip again. I don't think it was ever returned or anything. But I did hear from Harry Haenigsen. He said he thought it was tremendously funny strip and he was all for it but Jock Whitney [owner of the *Herald-Tribune*] thought it was vulgar [*laughter*]

MARSCHALL: *[Laughter] Well, if you are going to get a turn down it might as well be from..*

BROWNE: I don't think it was vulgar one bit. But anyway, that saved me from being picked up by the Herald Tribune Syndicate which was a blessing.

MARSCHALL: *Yes it was especially after what happened to so many cartoonists with unfortunate experiences there...*

BROWNE: Some were crucified.

MARSCHALL: *Yeah. Although Johnny Hart and some others did all right at tail end of the syndicate's life...*

BROWNE: Did they? I didn't know that. [*laughter*]

MARSCHALL: *And Arnold Roth did a strip for them. Do you remember that?*

BROWNE: Was it for them? Incidentally that was one of my favorite strips, and [my son] Chris's too. He doesn't look me in the eye when he says this but it was Chris's all time favorite strip. "Poor Arnold's Almanac."

MARSCHALL: *Great feature. Incidentally, do you know if Haenigsen is still extant?*

BROWNE: I think he is and I'll tell you why. I saw a motion picture of him full-color on television discussing the Hauptmann trial. You know there was a program just recently that purported to show and they made a very good case —that Hauptmann was completely innocent, and about suppression of evidence and so forth and so on, and one of the people on it, one of the witnesses was Harry Haenigsen.

MARSCHALL: *Why?*

BROWNE: Courtroom artist. He and Ed Wheelan are two people and I'll give you another name in a minute but those two comic strip artists their styles have had a tremendous influence. But you don't see it written up in critiques and the reason for it is because neither one was self-promoted. They were both basically shy people and usually the bold ones get to write the history.

MARSCHALL: *Yeah. I know it's the case with Wheelan, but I just don't know that much about Haenigsen. Incidentally, his style—back in the '30s, he did a lot of caricatures—and his style was influenced by Ralph Barton*

BROWNE: I agree with you. But as far as designing the panels of a comic strip, he did some elegant stuff and came up with some innovative ideas. But he lacked a little bit in punch that was his only thing.

MARSCHALL: *His stuff was pretty.*

BROWNE: His stuff was pretty, but it...

MARSCHALL: *Who's your third name?*

BROWNE: A wonderful man who I didn't know very well at all although I didn't know any of these people really, but he was probably the funniest man of his period, he died out in California. Oh, what was his name? The magazine cartoonist who had a terribly tragic life. His mother committed suicide, his house was washed away in a mudslide. Jerry Marcus and all those guys would know him—he lived up in Connecticut.

MARSCHALL: *It wasn't Tom Henderson, was it?*

BROWNE: Tom Henderson. I think that he had a tremendous influence, but it's subtle and you have to dig for it. But the people who do the sort of thing we do for a living, they know it.

MARSCHALL: *Well he had an influence on Gallagher who had an influence on a lot of people.*

BROWNE: Everybody has an influence on everybody. It's like corruption.

MARSCHALL: *And when you started Hagar, I think you started to influence people. In my mind, to my taste, anyway, strips had been getting visually pretty sterile for a while, maybe because everybody was gun-shy about Ben Day reproduction and everything. But you kind of reintroduced—you did for strips what Crumb did for comics. I think—you introduced textures and shadings and all the old-timey stuff and it works all over again. I'm not talking about themes, but visuals.*

BROWNE: If I had any influence at all it's in carrying tradition on one step further. As I said, everybody influences everybody. I don't take any particular credit. It's just like my bench on the assembly line.

MARSCHALL: *Obviously I meant it as a compliment when I said Old Timey look*

BROWNE: And incidentally, I'm very flattered by it.

MARSCHALL: *When you created* Hagar *did you think about getting some old-timey flavor back into strips or did you have a vision or...?*

BROWNE: You used the words I would have used—and I don't mean this as a reflection on anybody in the world, or any cartoonist—but they all had a tendency to get a little sterile, a little mechanical. You see, I also owe, I suppose a debt to Crumb, who, incidentally, I think is a major influence. I think he's an absolute madman, and I think Freud would have loved him *(laughter)*. But a debt is owed there and so does my son Chris too, for the same reason. The undergrounds were less interested in technique than they were in impact. They separated the two and they gave it a certain hand hewn quality that strip and gag cartoonists had somehow lost. Everybody (in strips) got very slick, do you know what I mean?

MARSCHALL: *Yes.*

BROWNE: They were more worried about reproduction and everything than they were about—now how the hell can I describe this? with something that was human, had a little humanity to it. And I did too with *Hagar*, but I've learned to put some of it back. Your line should not be that slick. It should look like a human being drew them. And so you make mistakes, and that's fine. People are very forgiving about that. And do you know what the difference is? I think, if I may summarize it, it's the difference between getting a typewritten letter and a hand-written letter. There is a friendliness about a hand-written letter. It may not be as clear and you may have to puzzle over parts, but there's a frankness and a friendliness that you don't get in a printed letter. Does that make sense?

MARSCHALL: *It makes enormous sense. That's why the strip is so comfortable to look at. How many papers is he in now?*

BROWNE: Fourteen hundred.

MARSCHALL: *Fourteen hundred. That's terrific. I didn't think there were 1400 papers left in the United States.*

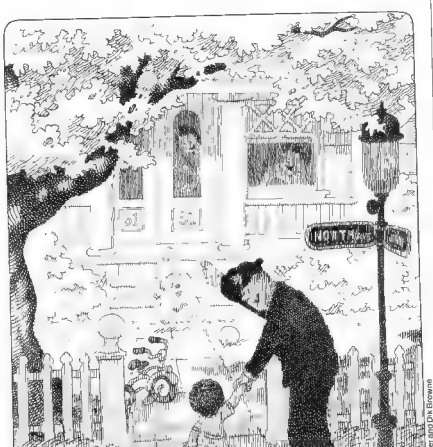
BROWNE: I can't believe it either. Whenever I count them up I'm always saying to Joan, "I think we've got over 2000," And she says, "I don't think you have 800." *(laughter)*. It's a terrible thing to count up, you know. But it seems to me that it fluctuates. There was a time there when we seemed to lose a lot of papers, but then, suddenly, they all came back.

MARSCHALL: *Dik, there's a great story unless it's one of these apocryphal tales. You know, I think that one-tenth of the things that are attributed to Dorothy Parker are probably true. And every anecdote in the cartooning world is attributed to you. But there's a story about a repeated idea, maybe not an exact gag, but something in* Hagar *similar to a gag from 1973. And some local editor called you up to ask you about it...*

BROWNE: I think I know the quote, and I claim it, and it's true, and I don't know how the hell I could have been so witty.

MARSCHALL: *(Laughter)*

BROWNE: I came out of a deep sleep one early morning, and (King Features Comics Editor) Bill Yates was on the phone. I had repeated a gag, line for line, word for word. I remember laughing when I did the most recent one and saying, "Gee that's a clever piece." He said a local paper had caught it and written him and could I give him a comment on the thing. God put the words in my mouth, I said, "As we go through this life we learn that three things tend to repeat themselves: history, sauerkraut, and old cartoonists." And Bill said, "That will do it." Is that the one you're referring to?


NORTH
That's the way it is with lost things. One minute they're lost, and—*Poof*!—they're found
Copyright © 1979 Mort Walker and Dik Browne

Another page from *Lost Things*, Walker and Browne's second children's book project; their first was titled *Most*.

MARSCHALL: *Yes, that's the one. I would like to mention (sons) Chris and Bob's work, what they are doing now.*

BROWNE: Well, Bob is working on *Hi and Lois* against the day... all right, drawing, of course. Frank Johnson is inking him, which is good. If he's going to take this thing on full time — which I hope he will because every father is proud to have a son in the business. But he would be very mixed up if he came into *Hagar*, so it works out just fine, and the reason for that is that Chris has been very much into *Hagar* from the very beginning. Chris has been writing gags, and although he's been busy with his own work, books and things... Have you seen the cat book that he contributed to?

MARSCHALL: *No.*

BROWNE: He was supposed to have gone to a cat party. Is there no end to this cat business?

MARSCHALL: *Don't tell me he was at a cat house.*

Courtesy and © King Features Syndicate

BROWNE: No, they had a big cat party at MacMillan publishing and Chris did some color illustrations for the book called *The Secret Life of Cats*. And he did this rather beautiful one of a California Cat around a Jacuzzi, with an agent, and they were giving each other body rubs. And he did some other artwork for the thing. But he s been involved in that, and he has some advertising work, but now I want him to start drawing more and more. It's not that I'm giving it up or anything, but you know, I have to be prepared. And I ll draw *Hagar* as long as I can, but it's good to have a good right hand man.

MARSCHALL: *Also—and I don't think you'll take offense at this—but he comes up with some of my favorite gags (*in Hagar*) anyway.*

BROWNE: What father would take offense? (*laughter*) The Jews have a wonderful word for it. We don t have a word like it. The word is *kvell*—have you ever seen it?

MARSCHALL: *No.*

BROWNE: It s to be warm in the chest . It s just a wonderful word, and you get it when somebody pays your child a compliment. You *kvell*. You say "My son, the doctor." Mmmmmm (*laughter*).

Bud Jones also, incidentally, submits gags (to *Hagar*). And I m delighted with that too, because you can't have too many good gags. Y know, fellow cartoonists—I *kvell* over this too—will say that the level of the gags is high, but you don't do that by just using just anything. We just try to do an honest job, and get a funny gag.

MARSCHALL: *Is Dick Hodgins (Jr.) working on the artwork?*

BROWNE: Dick frequently does special artwork, as well as the lettering. And sometimes Dick and Bud Jones will do something like an account for IBM that came in and will be going on for a couple of years, for management, or greater efficiency. And I don t know how the hell they picked *Hagar* (*laughter*).

MARSCHALL: *You know I'm a collector of old strips and all that. In the '30s, what most people call the Golden Age of strips, I don't think there was a single humor strip that wasn't a continuity as well, and it worked very well. They'd be crazy, they'd be a little bit serious, adventurous, but everything was continued day to day, and there would also be a gag at the end of each strip. It seems that in the '50s an edict came down from some mountain somewhere that everything's got to be gag-a-day, and that's been 30 years now. Have you ever thought of introducing a continuity element? Would you think of it or be comfortable with it?*

BROWNE: I could be quite comfortable with it. Some people have done it but I couldn't do it with *Hagar* because you don't change a formula that's working as well as *Hagar* seems to be working. Listen, you remember the hard time they had getting me to move out of the *Journal American* (*general laughter*) I m not notorious for making sudden moves. But had I not done *Hagar* there were several other strips that I would have done, that are still there, and maybe. . But among them were strips featuring continuity, and I'm a bit surprised that people haven t done that sort of thing because I always feel that it s money in the bank. But maybe editors or other cartoonists haven't gotten the message of *Doonesbury*, which has continuity, is very funny, and appeals to people, but it's a continuity. And the trick there is that it requires some writing, and

that makes it a little tricky...

MARSCHALL: *...it requires thinking, too...*

BROWNE: Thou hast said it. But that s the fact of the thing. But the answer is yes: you can do it and it has been done, by *Doonesbury*. There are, currently, I understand, several strips with something of a continuity out there and I was going to ask you about some of them. What has happened to the monkey strip (*Rudy*)?

MARSCHALL: *That is debuting I think, the first week in January. I got six weeks of samples of it from the syndicate.*

BROWNE: Now that's a continuity of sorts?

MARSCHALL: *Yes, it is. It's drawn realistically, but it's humorous, and like the thing you described of Chris's. It's very California. Do you know who's doing it?*

BROWNE. Is it Overgard?

MARSCHALL: *Right. Bill Overgard.*

BROWNE: What about *Bloome County* (Berke Breathed)?

MARSCHALL: *I don't know much about that except that I was talking to Trudeau recently and he's got some opintons about it.*

BROWNE: Really?

MARSCHALL: *I have the impression that he thinks he ought to be getting royalties every time the thing appears. And I agree.*

BROWNE: See, I get this from Chris who watches these things more closely than I do and he had similar thoughts. I have an idea that *Shoe* (MacNelly) will take the place of *Doonesbury*. It's kind of a continuity. When you said Trudeau, I m surprised that you got to speak to him.

MARSCHALL: *Well, you know what It was, I called him up. The* Washington Journalism Review *asked me to do a piece on current commentary in strips, which is really a pretty hackneyed thing by now.*

BROWNE: It s non-existent.

MARSCHALL: *That's right. And a lot of people pretend to it, I think. Anyway, I called Garry up, and he said he really doesn't give interviews. It's not a good policy, he hasn't done it for ten years, and then we started chatting.*

BROWNE: That's a wise decision on his part.

MARSCHALL: *Is that a reflection on the last half-hour?*

BROWNE: No. no, but he has gotten more publi city by not doing interviews.

MARSCHALL: *He's a very smart man.*

BROWNE: A very smart man, and I think that s something he once told me (*laughter*)... Outside of *Doonesbury*, there is no such thing (as commentary in strips). We miss people such as Walt Kelly and so forth, we just don t have that stuff around.

MARSCHALL: *Amen. Yeah, that's right. A lot of people pretending to. One final question, Dik. You've had a few health problems in the last couple years. Have you looked through some of the older* Hagar *strips and has any of that shown through or given you a different worldview?*

BROWNE: The only thing is that I think I draw more clearly and bigger, and perhaps a little rougher and as a result people say to me "You know, I like the way the strip looks." I think you may have even said it.

MARSCHALL: *It's very comfortable to look at.*

BROWNE: And I think that s because of adapting myself to my own eyesight and everything—because I figure that if I can see it, I figure anybody can see It. (*laughter*) But as far as the humor, I wouldn't say so. I think with the participation of Chris and Bud Jones helping out, I think that that has to improve the gags. And as you may or may not know when I had a detached retina—that happened on the highway driving during a snowstorm in New Jersey—they sent an ambulance from New York to drive me back to Connecticut. Chris and I sat in the ambulance and wrote gags all the way. And we had a rather good week of gags there (*general laughter*). So we've sort of separated things: that's one part of our lives and then there s the work—and the work is by far the nicest thing that's happened to me. It s comfortable work. You re comfortable doing what you can do. Thank God for all those editors who didn t recognize me as a reporter. I would have been a miserable one. And I m a pretty happy cartoonist.

HÄGAR The Horrible
by DIK BROWNE
WHERE DOES THE GROG GO, CAPTAIN?
STOW IT AFT
AYE AYE, CAPTAIN!
IT MUST BE FUN BEING A CAPTAIN
'S OKAY
I WISH I HAD A HAT WITH HORNS SO I COULD BE A VIKING CAPTAIN
DOPEY, IT ISN'T THE HAT THAT MAKES ME A CAPTAIN — IT'S MY COMMANDING BEARING!
YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, DO YOU? OKAY, I'LL PROVE IT TO YOU!
HERE' SNAP HATS.
NOW HERE COMES A STRANGER WATCH HIM PICK OUT THE REAL CAPTAIN!
DO EITHER OF YOU CLOWNS KNOW WHERE THE CAPTAIN IS?
Courtesy and © King Features Syndicate

MARSCHALL: *Dik, thank you very much for this.*

BROWNE: You re quite welcome.

Happy 10th Anniversary, Hagar!

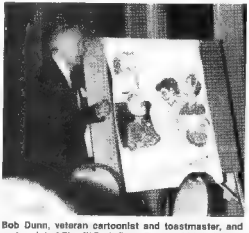
On February 10, 1983, a luncheon celebrating the tenth anniversary of *Hagar the Horrible* was held at New York's Columbus House. Hosted by King Feature Syndicate, the eighty guests included many cartoonists and celebrities, and even members of the diplomatic corps from Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Iceland.

Right: Dik Browne receiving a pewter replica of a Viking drinking horn from Joseph F. D'Angelo, President of King Features, who made the following toast:

"Dik, on behalf of all your fellow cartoonists and associates, I'd like to congratulate you on the tenth anniversary of your enormously successful comic strip *'Hagar the Horrible.'* In addition, I'd like to take this opportunity to tell you what a very special person we all feel you are.

"You combine a rare genius for making the world a happier place to live in with a warm, decent and caring human nature. You have always been willing to lend a helping hand to your fellow cartoonists, and, for that matter, to anyone else in need. Perhaps I can best describe you as a gentle gentleman who has earned the respect and fond affection of not only all of us in this room today, but also everyone else associated with our industry. On behalf of King Features, I want to thank you for bringing your rare talent—and of course *Hagar*—to our organization.

"Finally, Dik, on this happy occasion, I'd simply like to wish you, Joan, and your sons Chris and Bob the best of luck and happiness; and may your successes continue to grow and multiply. God bless you! Now let's raise our glasses and toast Dik Browne!"



Bob Dunn, veteran cartoonist and toastmaster, and cartoonist of *They'll Do It Every Time* and *Little Iodine*, presented a comic history of Browne's career after the luncheon. Here he depicts the historic first meeting of Mort Walker and Dik Browne.

Mort Walker, Dik Browne, King Features President Joe D'Angelo, and Browne's cartoonist son Chris.

Photos by A. Ace Meisel/King Features Syndicate

CARTOON CARNIVAL
PRESENTS—

THE MAGIC OF ANNIE AND SANDY

Little Orphan Annie was created in 1924 by Harold Gray and she quickly became one of America's favorite little girls. Today, Leonard Starr, the award winning cartoon artist, has revived this historic comic strip and has captured world wide enthusiasm for his writing and art work. He has also received the prestigious Reuben Award, the highest honor of the National Cartoonists Society. Now an important bronze sculpture has been created by this famous cartoonist. He has put Annie and Sandy together in a work of art that is sure to steal your heart. This new and original collectible is formed of beautiful and enduring cold cast bonded bronze. It is finished by hand to a rich golden patina and measures approximately nine inches tall.

...IRRESISTIBLY CHARMING
...SURE TO STEAL YOUR HEART

The edition is limited to 500 signed and numbered sculptures, plus 20 artists proofs. Critics agree that Mr. Starr has created an "Annie and Sandy" that is irresistibly charming. The figures are perfect replicas in the round of the two dimensional newspaper strip characters and they have a magical appeal. Cartoon Carnival is pleased to offer this delightful sculpture to you for the introductory price of $275. Each sculpture will be accompanied by a numbered certificate of authenticity. In the tradition of classic works, the molds will be broken when 500 orders have been taken. Orders will be accepted on a first-come, first-served basis and numbers issued accordingly.

© 1982 Tribune Company Syndicate, Inc. All Rights Reserved

Starr at work on Annie sculpture

Order Form

CARTOON CARNIVAL Please make checks payable to:
408 Bickmore Drive, Wallingford, PA 19086 Phone (215) 876-1292

Please enter my order for "Annie and Sandy" agree to pay $275 plus $5 shipping and insurance as follows:

- DIRECT I enclose my remittance of $280 as payment in full
- THREE PAYMENTS I enclose $80 as deposit I will be billed in two equal monthly installments of $100 per month prior to shipment
- CREDIT CARD After shipment please charge my credit card $280 as indicated below:
  MASTERCARD VISA

Account No _____ Expires _____
Signature _____ Phone ( ) _____
Name (Please print) _____ Apt. No _____
Address _____
City State Zip _____

Please allow four to six weeks for delivery

Graphic Delights Along Gasoline Alley

The entire run of the remarkable *Gasoline Alley*—almost 65 years old now—deserves to be collected, examined, and appreciated as the Great American Novel. In future issues of NEMO we will mine the rich lode of Frank King's quiet but inspired genius.

It is all the more remarkable that the daily strip, chronicling in uncanny fashion the real concerns and dreams of Middle America of its day, could be accompanied by a Sunday page of a largely different flavor. Although he continued to examine familial relationships, especially between Walt Wallet and his children Skeezix and Judy (and probably more touchingly than in the dailies), King explored graphic heights in many '30s pages that carried his art to levels unsurpassed by any other comic artist.

He played with backgrounds; he tinkered with time and space; he would use his whole page as a single panel yet break up a continuity into 12 portions; he used colors with stunning boldness. And overall the pre-eminent feeling is one of gentleness

In the following pages you will meet King the designer, the innovator. The Sunday *Gasoline Alleys* of the '30s have a dream quality that had not been present in comics since *Little Nemo*. They achieved the same effects as McCay's work, but with less fanfare; the Alley is a quieter place to visit than Slumberland... closer to home... less menacing... more comfortable.

Wherever Skeezix visited, the real destination was the most fascinating of all: the outer reaches of Frank King's imagination.

—REM

GASOLINE ALLEY

SKEEZIX THE WIND SLAPPING AND TAILSPINNING LEAVES REMIND ME IT IS TIME FOR OUR ANNUAL JAUNT INTO THE COUNTRY
I'M READY UNCLE WALT
OH THAT I WERE A POET AND COULD PUT INTO WORDS THE THRILL OF THESE TOASTED AVENUES!
I WISH I WAS AN ARTIST SO I COULD FIX THIS FLEETING SPLENDOR ON A CANVAS
IF I COULD PAINT IT PEOPLE WOULD NEVER BELIEVE IT.
THEY'D SAY I WAS EXAGGERATING - THAT SUCH COLORS NEVER HAPPEN
LOOK THERE FOR EXAMPLE! WHERE ELSE WOULD YOU SEE SUCH A RIOT OF GLORY AS ON THIS VERY SPOT?
NATURE KNOWS WHERE TO THROW HER VIVID CONTRASTS - HER ABYSMAL PURPLES, HER PIERCING YELLOWS.
HER PALETTE VIBRATES WITH A MYRIAD HUES — THE JOY OF THE WANDERER AND THE DESPAIR OF THE PAINTER.
WHY, IT MAKES A MAIL ORDER PAINT CATALOG LOOK LIKE 30 CENTS!
BUT DEEPER DOWN IS THE SENSE OF POSSESSION - THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF BEING A SHAREHOLDER IN THE GRANDEUR OF ALL OUTDOORS.
YOU FEEL THAT ALL THIS IS YOURS — THAT THE TRAPPINGS AND PLAYTHINGS OF CIVILIZATION ARE LEFT INFINITELY BEHIND
FORE!

Courtesy Tribune Company Syndicate, Inc./strips from the collection of Rick Marschall

GASOLINE ALLEY

I WAS JUST TRYIN' OUT MY NEW COMPASS

THERE ARE BETTER THINGS TO DO WITH A COMPASS THAN DRAW CIRCLES ON THE WALL

THAT'S NIFTY

HERE'S ANOTHER. THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF DESIGNS YOU CAN MAKE.

LET ME TRY, UNCLE WALT

YOU'RE GETTING THE IDEA THAT WILL BE GOOD LOOKING WHEN YOU COLOR IT WITH WATER COLOR

OF COURSE YOU CAN VARY IT WITH A STRAIGHT LINE OR TWO.

I BETCHA I CAN MAKE AN OUTDOOR PICTURE WITH A COMPASS

GOOD ENOUGH.

I'VE GOT ANOTHER IDEA

THE EARTH IS ROUND AND IT LOOKS AS IF EVERYTHING IN IT IS ROUND TOO

ANYWAY WITH A COMPASS I CAN MAKE IT ROUND

YOU CAN USUALLY FIND WHAT YOU WANT IF YOU LOOK HARD ENOUGH

I'M LOOKIN FOR CIRCLES.

NATURE SEEMS TO HELP YOU OUT

YES. BUT I DRAW BETTER CIRCLES THAN NATURE DOES.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Copyright, 1931, by The Chicago Tribune

THAT PHONEY NICKEL

WHY DO THEY ALWAYS PICK US STREET CAR CONDUCTORS TO WORK OFF THEIR PHONEY NICKELS ON?

WE GOT TO LIVE SAME AS ANYBODY ELSE.

DON'T MAKE SUCH A RIOT OVER A NICKEL GIVE IT TO ME.

LADY I HASN'T TOUCHED FOOD FOR A WEEK AND NEITHER HAS MY SEVEN SMALL CHILDREN

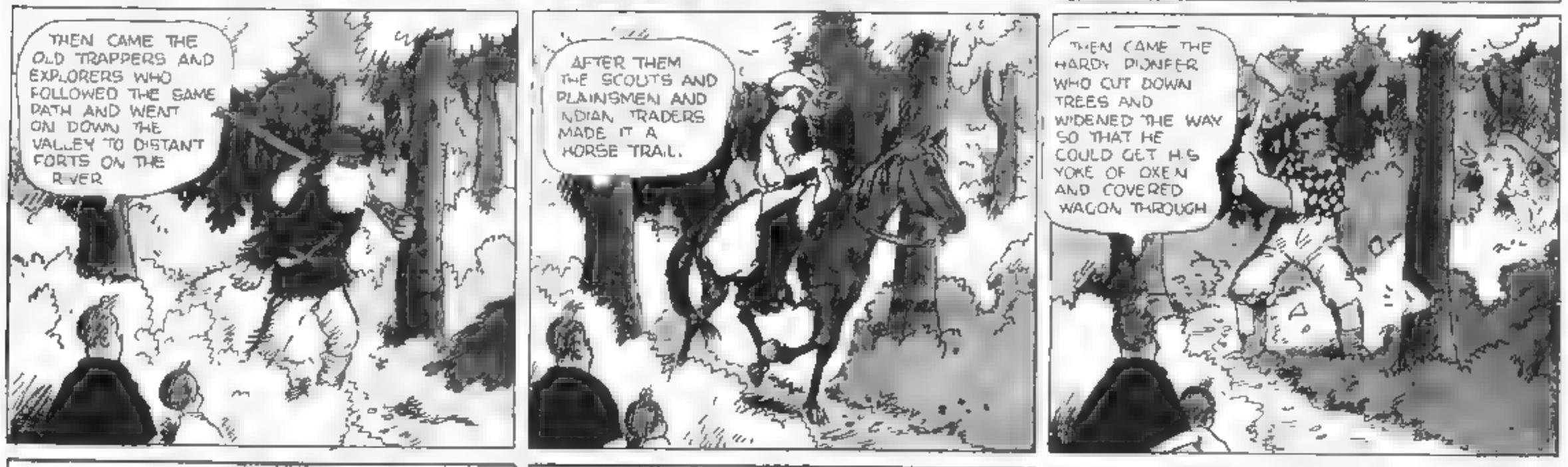
STOP YOU'RE BREAKING MY HEART!

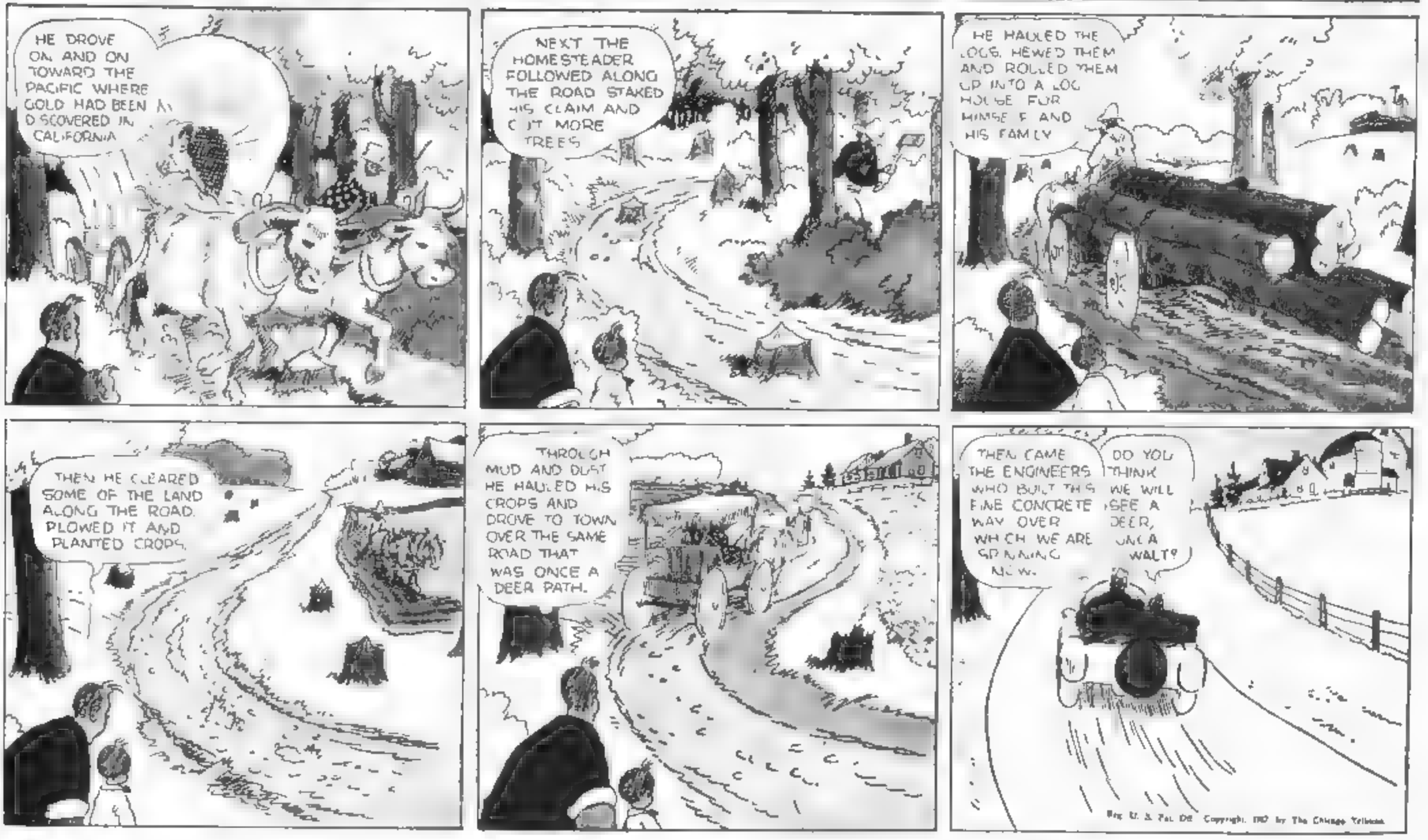
THERE THAT'S A FAIR TRADE A PHONEY NICKEL FOR A PHONEY HARD LUCK STORY

King

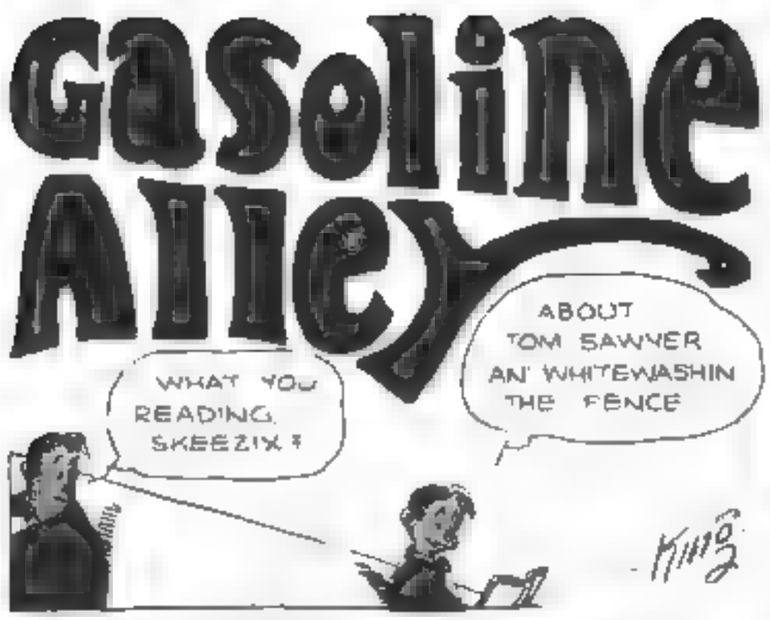
GASOLINE ALLEY
-King

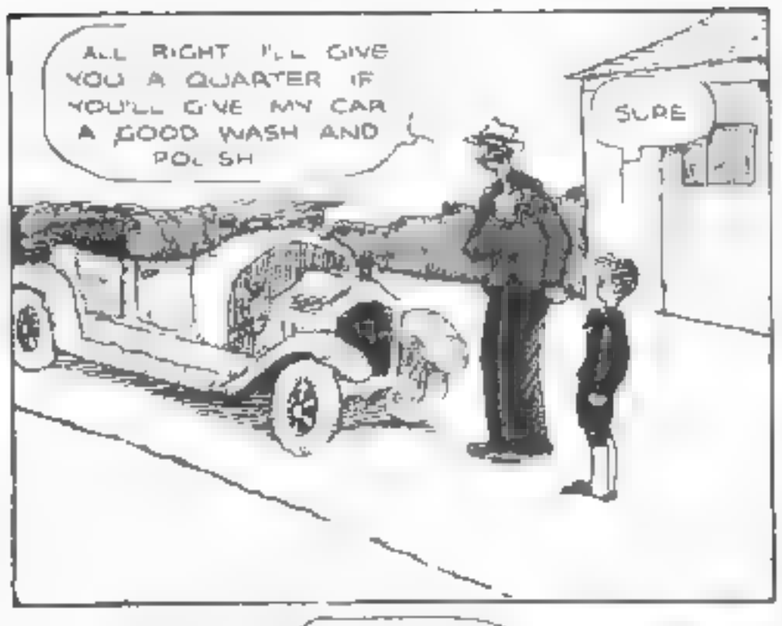
WE DRIVE ALONG ON A FINE CONCRETE ROAD SKEEZIX AND WE DON'T REALIZE THAT IT HASN'T ALWAYS BEEN HERE FOR US.
WASN'T IT ALWAYS HERE?
NO. A HUNDRED YEARS AGO THIS WAS ALL DEEP FOREST. PROBABLY NO WHITE MAN HAD EVER BEEN THROUGH IT.
THE DEER MADE A PATH DOWN TO THE BROOK WE PASSED BACK THERE. THEY WENT FOR WATER EVERY EVENING. THERE WAS NO ONE TO DISTURB THEM UNLESS IT WAS AN OCCASIONAL BAND OF INDIANS

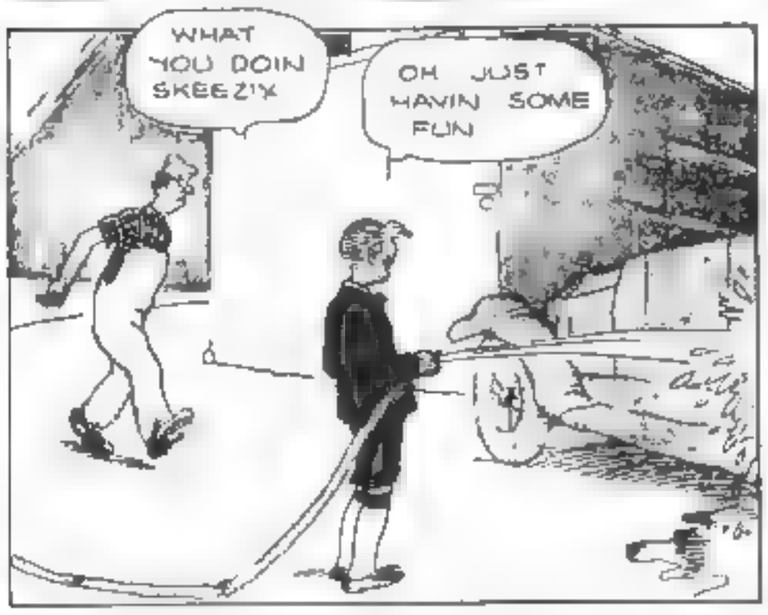

THEN CAME THE OLD TRAPPERS AND EXPLORERS WHO FOLLOWED THE SAME PATH AND WENT ON DOWN THE VALLEY TO DISTANT FORTS ON THE RIVER
AFTER THEM THE SCOUTS AND PLAINSMEN AND INDIAN TRADERS MADE IT A HORSE TRAIL.
THEN CAME THE HARDY PIONEER WHO CUT DOWN TREES AND WIDENED THE WAY SO THAT HE COULD GET HIS YOKE OF OXEN AND COVERED WAGON THROUGH

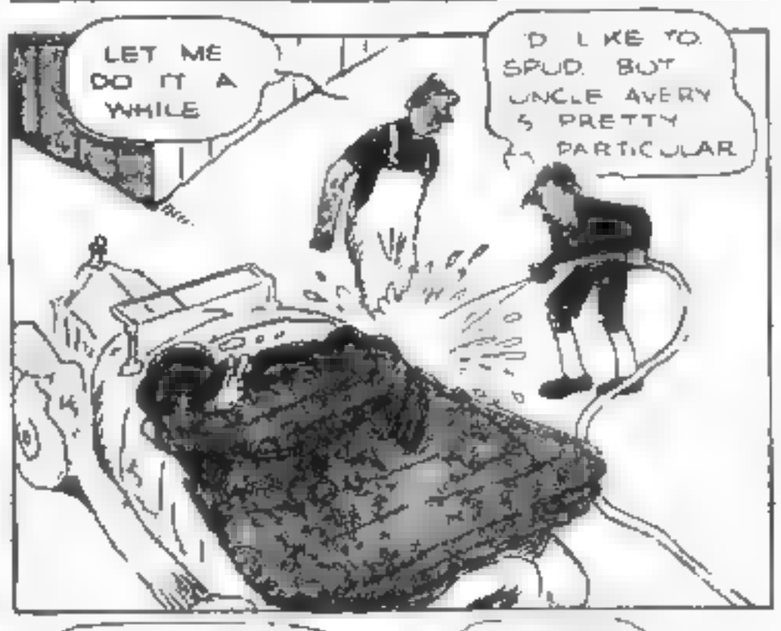

HE DROVE ON AND ON TOWARD THE PACIFIC WHERE GOLD HAD BEEN DISCOVERED IN CALIFORNIA
NEXT THE HOMESTEADER FOLLOWED ALONG THE ROAD STAKED HIS CLAIM AND CUT MORE TREES
HE HAULED THE LOGS, HEWED THEM AND ROLLED THEM UP INTO A LOG HOUSE FOR HIMSELF AND HIS FAMILY
THEN HE CLEARED SOME OF THE LAND ALONG THE ROAD. PLOWED IT AND PLANTED CROPS.
THROUGH MUD AND DUST HE HAULED HIS CROPS AND DROVE TO TOWN OVER THE SAME ROAD THAT WAS ONCE A DEER PATH.
THEN CAME THE ENGINEERS WHO BUILT THIS FINE CONCRETE WAY OVER WHICH WE ARE SPEEDING NOW.
DO YOU THINK WE WILL SEE A DEER, UNCLE WALT?
Reg U. S. Pat. Off. Copyright, 1940 by The Chicago Tribune

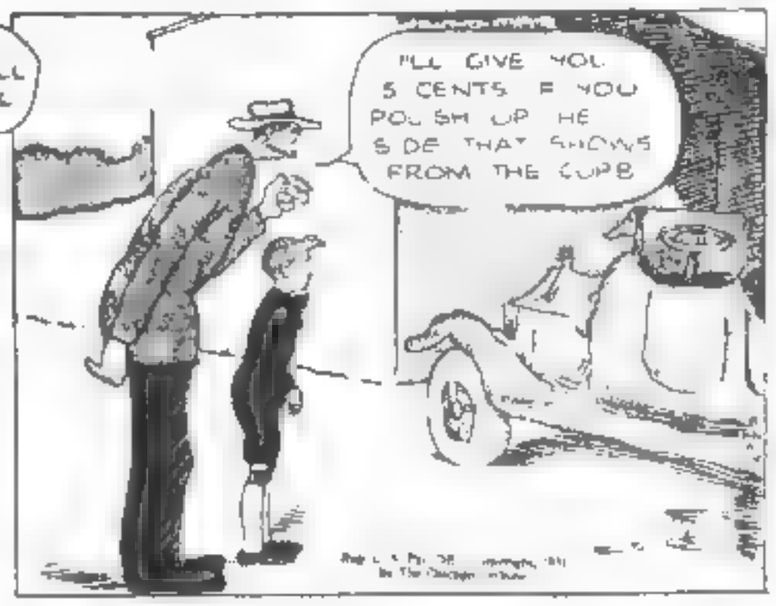
Gasoline Alley



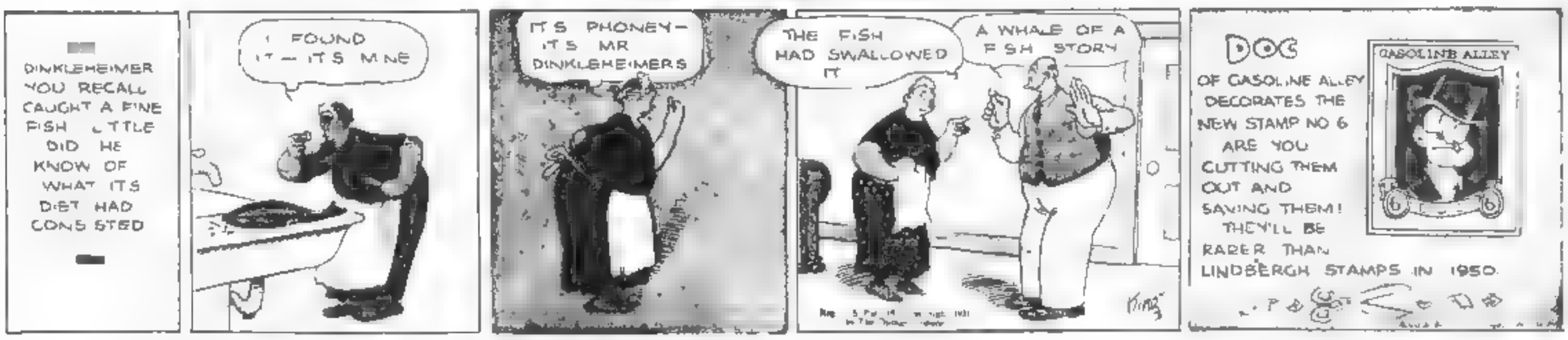








THAT PHONEY NICKEL


DINKLEHEIMER YOU RECALL CAUGHT A FINE FISH LITTLE DID HE KNOW OF WHAT ITS DIET HAD CONSISTED
I FOUND IT — IT'S MINE
IT'S PHONEY — IT'S MR DINKLEHEIMERS
THE FISH HAD SWALLOWED IT
A WHALE OF A FISH STORY
DOC OF GASOLINE ALLEY DECORATES THE NEW STAMP NO 6 ARE YOU CUTTING THEM OUT AND SAVING THEM! THEY'LL BE RARER THAN LINDBERGH STAMPS IN 1950
GASOLINE ALLEY

A Carl Barks Discovery

Richard Marschall Collection

"Sorry, lady, but I'll have to search you for stowaways."

The cartoon reproduced here was drawn by Carl Barks, legendary Disney artist and creator of Uncle Scrooge. It was done during a period in which Barks was submitting pieces to various humor magazines in an attempt to break into the field and become a professional cartoonist. Barks decided to become a cartoonist when he was 16 but was unable to sell his work and was forced to work as a laborer. He worked as a cowboy, farm laborer, muleskinner, printer's errand boy, and lumberjack; but as he recalled in an interview, he was a "failure" at every one. In the meantime, he nourished his interest in cartooning by studying the early comic strips of the San Francisco *Examiner*: *Happy Hooligan, Barney Google,* Winsor McCay's *Little Nemo;* and the work of Charles Phillipi (later a layout artist at the Disney Studio during Barks's tenure there) and Billy Hon. Barks never gave up his hopes of becoming a cartoonist and, while working as a rivet heater in railroad carshops, decided to try to sell his cartoons to humor magazines, which he read and collected avidly. His first cartoons appeared in 1928 in a mildly risque men's humor magazine called *The Calgary Eye-Opener.*

The cartoon on this page appeared in 1930 in *Judge.* Barks remembers being especially pleased at having his work published in what he considered the best humor magazine of the period. These cartoons show Barks s attempt to ape the style of the early humor magazines; the grandpop aviator, for example, was drawn in the Art Deco style popular during the '20s and early '30s. Another influence is also apparent in this cartoon. In referring to his home state of Oregon on the side of the plane and depicting the pilot as an old, bewhiskered, rural-looking World War I veteran, Barks manifests a streak of nostalgia which was common in his early cartoons and grew stronger in his later comic book work. Throughout his career, he utilized images of farm life, rural America, and the frontier as a source of humor, drawing upon his experience growing up on an Oregon ranch.

Barks occasionally sold gags to *Judge* and worked as a free-lancer for *The Calgary Eye-Opener* for a year. When the Depression ended his job in a box factory, he moved to Minneapolis to become a full-time staff artist for the magazine in November, 1931. In October, 1935 after working for the *Eye-Opener* for almost four years, he decided to apply for work at the Disney Studio. Gambling that he would be hired, he quit his job and moved to California. The Studio hired him as an animation in-betweener and there Barks honed his skills as a gag writer, storyteller, and cartoonist—and began the association with Donald Duck which was later to make him a famous comic book artist.

—Tom Andrea

The Forgotten Years of George Herriman

Collection of San Francisco Academy of Comic Art

BOTH TARRED WITH THE SAME STICK.

Some startling revelations about the Master's career... and the development of the Daily Strip.

by Bill Blackbeard.

It has now become evident that research into the classic period of the American comic strip, a still considerably obscure era between 1896 and 1930, will not be completed until the files of every American newspaper of any sizable circulation in that general time has been examined. The lives and careers of a number of important cartoonists active in these decades—men who casually shifted from one city to another across the country as newspaper opportunites were offered—have yet to be fully tracked and annotated. Even in the instances of those cartoonists who have been considered of major rank for a great many years, and so have frequently been the subject of lengthy published interviews, articles and even autobiographical pieces, there may well be extraordinary surprises in store for the assiduous researcher. One such surprise, which radically alters a number of generally established assumptions about the development of the daily comic strip in the crucial 1907-10 period, has recently emerged in the course of tracing the Los Angeles career of George Herriman, today renowned as the creator of the single finest comic strip of all time—the inspired, lunatic revery called *Krazy Kat*.

One would have thought that Herriman, of all the classic comic strip artists, would today be as biographically familiar to aficionados of the field as Charles Dickens or Mark Twain have become to students of prose fiction, with no creative chinks or crannies that might have escaped previous notice. Certainly the later strip histories seemed to have pretty well summed up Herriman's activities at the drawing board from the outset of his career at the turn of the century to his death in 1944. My own Herriman entry in the *World Encyclopedia of Comics* is forthright and assured in its outline of the artist s progress, from his initial magazine and newspaper gag cartoon work through what appeared to be his first comic strip (the Sunday half-page of 1903, *Lariat Pete*), into his important color supplement work of 1905-07 (chiefly notable for his striking *Major Ozone* page), past his hiring by the Hearst *New York Journal* to begin *The Family Upstairs*, on to the close of his career with its 34 unbroken years of work on *Krazy Kat*. At the time of writing, I thought the piece was thorough and definitively accurate within its brief scope, and indeed it was—so far as the then-extant knowledge of Herriman's life and work provided.

The succeeding six years of routine ongoing research at the San Francisco Academy of Comic Art, however, has brought to light such an amazing body of completely new data about Herriman's early career that it has rendered all existing printed material about Herriman obsolete. (Indeed, so much new data about the older cartoonists has been unearthed by the Academy's steadfast research that much of the content of so unfortunately premature work as the aforementioned *World Encyclopedia of Comics* is already outmoded.) I have become almost inured to turning up startling revelations in the comic strip field—Segar's previously unknown color page from the 1910s (*Barry the Boob*); Hearst/Block's attempt to emulate Wilhelm Busch's *Max und Moritz* in *The American Humorist* (that *preceded* Rudolph Dirks's earliest *Katzenjammer Kids* page); the Outcault Yellow Kid prototype published in a cartoon humor magazine well in advance of the Kid's *New York World* appearance; Chester Gould's early animal comic strip; Rube Goldberg s primitive *Look-a-Like Boys* strip around 1908, etc. (Many of these strips will be documented in upcoming issues of *NEMO*.) But the Herriman discovery

Above: **A striking image of graft in San Francisco politics. A Herriman front-page cartoon from the Oct. 28, 1906 *Los Angeles Examiner*.**

was of such a scope and so utterly unexpected that I woke up for days afterward convinced that I must have dreamed it all. For this was no mere discovery of a hitherto-unknown comic strip by a famed cartoonist (such things are routinely turned up at the rate of about one a week at the Academy), but a revelation that amounted to a complete realigning of our conception of Herriman's whole development as a strip cartoonist, to say nothing of the developmental history of the daily comic strip itself

It is axiomatic, of course, that creative people working in the popular arts often have no idea of what is important or memorable in their work; frequently they regard their life work as essentially trivial, something crafted in order to make money and nothing more. Many of the early strip cartoonists thought of themselves as journeyman newspaper employees and shared the traditional newsman s view of all completed work as dead and buried material (the newspaper term, "morgue," for clipped files of old news stories is apposite here), concerning themselves only with the current effort at hand. Accordingly, the great majority of comic strip artists kept no files of their own old strips beyond an accidental handful of representative examples, and—aware that there were no other readily accessible files of their old work extant—felt free to embroider as fancy dictated on the details of their early careers when interviewed or asked to write resumes of their own past lives. Herriman differed little from his fellows in his basic view of his creative function. He was always puzzled at William Randolph Hearst's high estimate of his talents and thought he was being overpaid for his masterpiece, *Krazy Kat*, because "it took so little work from one week to the next." It probably never occurred to him that anyone could possibly be interested in a precise and chronologically dated account of his strip work from start to finish. Certainly he never attempted to supply anything of the sort in his highly impressionistic autobiographical comments and followed the standard cartoonist's practice in interviews of only talking about things the interviewer seemed to know about already.

Since Herriman's largest lode of early unrevealed and undiscussed work appeared only in a then-obscure Los Angeles newspaper, and since his subsequent interviewers and enthusiastic critics and historians were virtually all Easterners with Eastern newspaper exposure, it is little wonder that it remained unknown for so long. Only the present author's research procedure of examining every large city daily newspaper file extant would ever have brought this newsprint-immured vein of comic gold to light.

Herriman was as footloose as any early strip cartoonist. Born in New Orleans in 1880, he was just past 20 when he began to check out East Coast cities, looking for a berth as a newspaper cartoonist. He had the usual fair luck that promising talent brought then: some brief, fill-in jobs here and there and a chance to sell comic supplement pages and half-pages on a week-by-week basis to one or another of the burgeoning strip syndicates of the period. An early comic strip was a Sunday page about a pair of slapstick sailors called *The Two Jolly Jackies*, which first appeared on June 14, 1903 in the *New York World* and in other American papers using the *World*'s syndicated comics a week or so later. The short-lived *Jackies* was followed a few months later by a comic cowboy strip, the half-page *Lariat Pete*, which began distribution by the T.C. McClure Syndicate on September 6, 1903. By the end of the year, however, Herriman had dropped *Pete* to join the World Color Printing Company's comics operation in St. Louis with two

San Francisco Academy of Comic Art

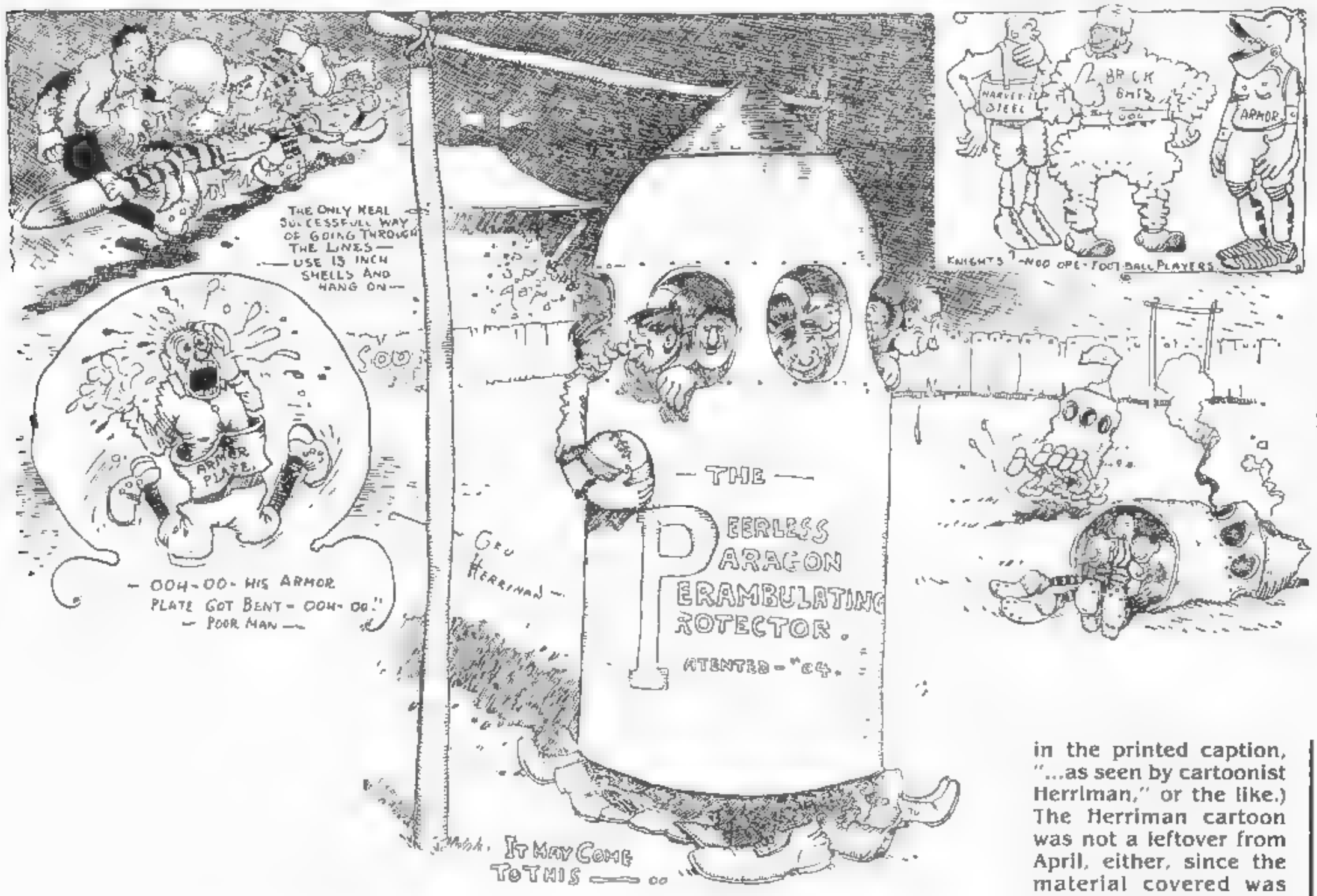
It is doubtful whether any political cartoonist ever created images as bizarre as some of Herriman's work for the *Examiner* in 1906 and 1907. His Octopus, representing the California based Southern Pacific Railroad Company, deserves to be an icon enshrined with the Elephant and the Donkey.

new half-pagers: a funny kid strip, *Bud Smith*, and the highly fanciful *Major Ozone's Fresh Air Crusade*. (A third WCPC half-pager, another kid strip named *Rosy Posy*, flowed from Herriman's busy pen a bit later, to be followed by one or two other strips. Curiously routine works for Herriman, both *Bud Smith* and *Rosy Posy* show signs of being drawn to order, since the WCPC syndicate had no other juvenile character strips at the time.) This fresh group of Herriman productions, with the bizarre and quickly popular *Major Ozone* soon attaining full front-page status, ran in the nationally distributed World Color Printing Company Sunday section until the close of 1907. (They were continued, after Herriman's withdrawal as a WCPC contributor, by such varied artists as Clarence Rigby and Johnny Gruelle, later to be famed as the creator of Raggedy Ann and Andy.)

In the spring of 1904, Herriman landed what appears to have been his first full-time newspaper job, as sports-page cartoonist on William Randolph Hearst s thriving and notorious New York *American* (an aspect of Herriman s career which has not been hitherto noted, and which links him to Hearst a number of years earlier than previously believed). On the *American*, Herriman found himself sharing the cartoon staff desks with H. B. Martin, who did the humorous news stories, and with Jimmy Swinnerton and Frederick Burr Opper who were then splitting the editorial cartoons between them. (Although filled with cartoon work, the *American* did not feature any daily comic strip series at this time, such material then being limited to the *American* s afternoon New York companion, the *Evening Jour-*

FOOTBALL OF THE FUTURE, AN INSPIRATION BY HERRIMAN

TRACEABLE TO HARVARD'S EMPLOYMENT OF METAL PADDING IN LAST SATURDAY'S GAME WITH WEST POINT.


THE ONLY REAL SUCCESSFUL WAY OF GOING THROUGH THE LINES— —USE 13 INCH SHELLS AND HANG ON—
SOO
— OOH-OO- HIS ARMOR PLATE GOT BENT - OOH- OO!" — POOR MAN —
ARMOR PLATE
GEO HERRIMAN —
— THE —
PEERLESS ARAGON ERAMBULATING ROTECTOR.
ATENTED — '04.
IT MAY COME TO THIS — OO
KNIGHTS — NOO OPE - FOOT BALL PLAYERS
HARVEY-ITE STEEL
BR CK SHITS
ARMOR

San Francisco Academy of Comic Art

Many of Herriman's sports-page cartoons for the Hearst N.Y. *American* of 1904 and 1905 were unlike any that have been seen before or since. This example is from Oct. 21, 1904.

nal, which ran several continuing strips on various days of the week, none appearing on a Monday-through-Saturday basis.)

Herriman's initial *American* sports-page cartoon ran on Friday, April 22, 1904, and he turned out a gala parade of often grandiosely sizable cartoons (some as large as half a page or more) for the sports section for almost exactly a year, his chain of daily work unbroken until Tuesday, April 25, 1905, when he apparently left for his first vacation (or possibly leave of absence, for it was quickly evident that Hearst had innovative plans in mind for reshaping the sports section). On Sunday, May 21, 1905, with Herriman still absent from the paper, the *American* announced, in a full-page splash, that, *"Beginning with its issue tomorrow, the* American *will inaugurate a new era in its department of sports and athletics... It will be edited by the famous author and athlete, MR. JULIAN HAWTHORNE, assisted by a staff of the most competent experts in the various lines of athletics."* Nine other newcomers (notably Charles E. Van Loan, the baseball writer) were listed with their photos, but no cartoonist was named, nor was sports cartooning mentioned in any context in the announcement.

Monday's paper featured the new section, titled across the tops of two facing pages in large letters: *"The* American*'s Double Page of Sports—Edited by Julian Hawthorne."* Two cartoons were included, one—surprisingly—by Swinnerton, and the other by an apparently returned Herriman, although unsigned and uncaptioned with his name. (It should be noted that virtually all preceding Herriman sports-page art had been signed prominently upfront in a lower corner, with the artist often named in the printed caption, "...as seen by cartoonist Herriman," or the like.) The Herriman cartoon was not a leftover from April, either, since the material covered was current. Seemingly, Herriman had come back to his desk, done his daily stint, and found a new sports editor who, for whatever reason, was out of sympathy with the pages' erstwhile star cartoonist. A handful of subsequent cartoons from Herriman's pen were run in a similar manner, usually small, and often lacking the Herriman signature (as well as, needless to say, any printed caption identification). On June 2, a final Herriman drawing appeared in the *American*, minus his signature, and a caption—presumably from Hawthorne—which read simply, *"The Yankees' Opening Victory, As seen by Cartoonist."* It was obvious that Herriman's cartoons for the *American*'s pages would not be seen again for years to come (and Hawthorne, possibly with some pathetic bleat of triumph, replaced him with a wholly incompetent and instantly forgettable new cartoonist named "Fan" Small).

Incidentally, while Herriman was employed on the New York *American*, it is quite likely he was aware of a novel experiment being conducted on the sports page of the Hearst Chicago *Evening American* during much of 1904 and 1905 by its editor, Moses Koenigsberg, and its cartoonist, Clare Briggs (later of "When a Feller Needs a Friend" and "Mr. and Mrs." fame), since the Hearst newspaper city rooms were always full of copies of Hearst papers from other cities. The experiment involved publishing a six-day-a-week comic strip on the sports page, featuring day-to-day suspense continuity based on the fortunes of a horse-player's guesses on the current races. The bettor, named A. Piker Clerk, gave his risible name to the daily strip. Looking like a Mississippi river boat gambler fallen on hard time, Clerk preened himself when his horses won, and desperately grovelled for

Collection of Rick Marschall

money when they lost, so he could bet again. The new idea apparently pleased readers, and sold some papers, but evidently failed because of Koenigsberg's overlooking the necessity of printing the *A. Piker Clerk* strip in *all* of the Chicago *American*'s twelve daily editions of the time, instead of just the afternoon sports edition. Too many readers missed *Clerk* by failing to buy the right edition... since Koenigsberg could not persuade his sports editor to turn over so much valuable space in every edition to the sizable *Clerk* strip—and since the circulation-building effect of *Clerk* was not all that demonstrable—the concept was abandoned after a few sporadic months. Later, Koenigsberg wrote a rather fanciful account of all this for his book, *King News*, in which he claimed, with some justification, to have thought of the idea of a six-day-a-week comic strip well ahead of Bud Fisher—about whom we will have more to say later on—but omitted to explain how the publishing circumstances of the day botched the trial, preferring to put the blame for the early abandonment of *Clerk* on his own boss, Hearst, who, he claims, found the *Clerk* strip "vulgar" and ordered it killed at once. Since a consultation of the multi-edition file of the Chicago *American* file at the San Francisco Academy of Comic Art shows *Clerk* episodes appearing for months after the day-to-day continuity concept was dropped, this account, like many of Koenigsberg's, would appear to be a construct of whole cloth.

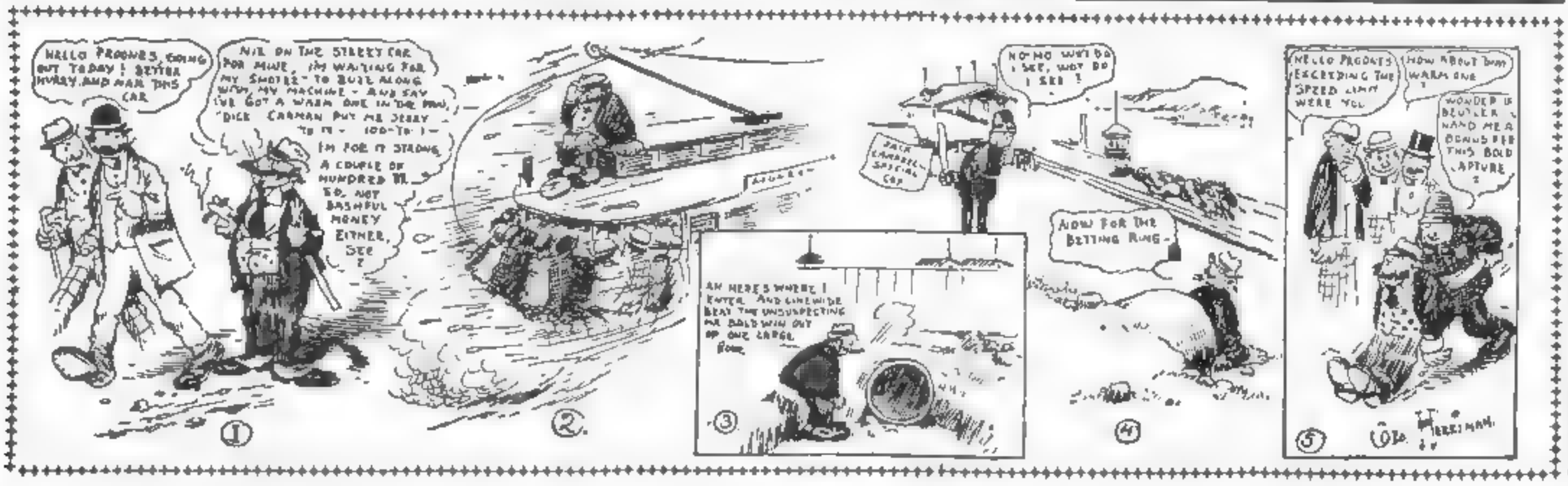
However, Herriman must have seen many of the sports editions with *Clerk* continuity, and have talked about the exciting new idea of a daily comic with his fellow cartoonists in New York, perhaps even then resolving to have a try at something similar at the right opportunity.

Although Herriman continued his Sunday page work for the World Color Printing Company on a regular basis, he was clearly at loose ends for regular daily work after June. Research has not disclosed any further newspaper work during the rest of that year for Herriman, or any very precise sequence of moves he might have made at that time, but it is evident that some decision took him back to Los Angeles at some point during the last half of 1905, if possibly nothing more fundamental than a distaste (understandable in an ex-Angeleno) to face another New York winter, especially without regular work. The only certain thing is that he began work as a general staff cartoonist on the Los Angeles *Times* a day or so before Tuesday, January 8. His first cartoon for that newspaper appeared with a considerable splash on an inside news page, featuring a genial caricature of a visiting New York City Tammany politician. (It is amusing to note that Herriman chose to emphasize an anti-Hearst quotation by the visitor in a hand-lettered caption at the base of the drawing.) Herriman s work was frequent and well-featured in the *Times* for the next several months, although it was omitted for a few weeks immediately following the San Francisco earth-

A fragment from one of Herriman's many strips created for the World Color Printing Co. of St. Louis: *Rosy Posy, Mama's Girl*, in which a cat—sometimes talking—was a regular character. From Aug. 5, 1906.

The initial episode of *Mr. Proones the Plunger*. Dec. 10, 1907, from the *Los Angeles Examiner*.

Carman's 3-Year-Old Rifleman, by Strong Finish Wins Handicap 3 Lengths Ahead of Botanist, and Cartoonist Herriman Sees Queer Sights at Races.


HELLO PROONES GOING OUT TODAY! BETTER HURRY AND MAKE THIS CAR
NIX ON THE STREET CAR FOR MINE, I'M WAITING FOR MY SHOOFLY TO BUZZ ALONG WITH MY MACHINE - AND SAY I'VE GOT A WARM ONE IN THE MAN, DICK CARMAN PUT ME SQUARE TO IT - 100-TO-1 - I'M FOR IT STRONG A COUPLE OF HUNDRED M. SO, NOT BASHFUL MONEY EITHER, SEE ?
NO NO WHY DO I SEE, WHY DO I SEE ?
JACK CAMPBELL SPECIAL CAR
NOW FOR THE BETTING RING -
AH HERE'S WHERE I ENTER. AND LINE WIDE BEAT THE UNSUSPECTING MR BALDWIN OUT OF ONE LARGE ROOM
HELLO PROONES EXCEEDING THE SPEED LIMIT WERE YOU
HOW ABOUT BUM WARM ONE ?
I WONDER IS BEUTLER HAND ME A BONUS FER THIS BOLD CAPTURE ?
1
2
3
4
5

San Francisco Academy of Comic Art

Collection of Rick Marschall

A young George Herriman holding a friend—a cat.

quake and fire of mid-April, 1906, when the *Times* editors apparently felt cartoon work of any kind might be construed as inappropriately frivolous.

After a final, well-realized drawing for the paper on August 13, 1906, however, Herriman abruptly disappeared from the pages of the *Times*. The unending Hearst talent-scavenging operation—evidently as competitively active in Los Angeles as elsewhere—had netted another prize, and Herriman's first cartoon for the *Times*'s morning rival, the Hearst Los Angeles *Examiner* (a paper which had been launched in the City of the Angels only three years earlier), appeared prominently on its front page for August 21, 1906, where Herriman was proudly described in a caption as "the *Examiner*'s cartoonist." It was obviously the hope of the *Examiner* editor that a number of marginal *Times* readers might be persuaded to pick up a copy of the *Examiner* from the adjoining news racks on spotting their familiar favorite in his new trappings. It was quickly evident that Herriman had, in fact, hit it off well with his editors and the *Examiner* readers, for his comic art was soon to be found on almost *every* page, all but turning the thin daily paper of 12 to 16 pages into what might aptly have been titled *The Illustrated Daily Herriman*.

Any given day's *Examiner* might feature a large front page editorial cartoon by Herriman, one or two interior news stories with funny Herriman drawings, a sizable sports page cartoon by Herriman, a daily sports page anecdote column with a set of tiny Herriman sketches, and a Hearst syndicated comic prose feature on the editorial page graced with Herriman art. (There is no doubt but that Herriman's richly comic and graphically imaginative drawings helped the young *Examiner* build circulation at a crucial period, and that this aid was remembered by Hearst in later years, when Herriman was kept on the King Features payroll in grand style during those lean decades in which the artist's brilliant *Krazy Kat* ran in only a handful of newspapers across the country.)

Obviously, in a nation of well over 5,000 daily and weekly newspapers in the first decade of this century, there had to be a few weak spots in the adamantine wall of editorial scorn toward daily comic strips. It was Bud Fisher, cartoonist for the San Francisco *Chronicle*, who found the first chink, late in 1907. Well aware of the Chicago *American*'s 1904 experiment with *A. Piker Clerk*, Fisher apparently persuaded his bosses on the *Chronicle* to let him try out a parallel experiment on the sports page. Pressed hard for morning circulation by the Hearst *Examiner*, the *Chronicle*'s editor must have listened with interest to Fisher's account of how the Briggs racing-tip strip had hyped sales of the Chicago *American*. "Let's take no chances," he apparently advised Fisher. "Do as close a copy of the *Clerk* job as you can." And Fisher did, starting with his title: *A. Mutt* featured a madly obsessed race track plunger very similar in manner to Briggs's Clerk. San Francisco's horse players delighted in Mutt, not so much because of his "tips" (Fisher picks for each day's winners were about as good as the average tip sheet's) as because of Fisher's crude but viscerally funny comic style, his vigorous portrayal of the monomaniacal Mr. Mutt, and his daily anecdotal inventiveness in filling *A. Mutt*'s six big panels across the top of the sports page. The *Chronicle*'s circulation rose steeply in a matter of days, panicking the *Examiner*. Its editor cabled Hearst in New York. "Buy Fisher," Hearst wired back. And in less than a month after he had started *A. Mutt* for the *Chronicle* as a routinely paid staff cartoonist, Fisher was being wined and dined at the *Examiner* at three times his *Chronicle* salary—and was drawing *A. Mutt* for Hearst. Moses Koenigsberg's prediction had paid off—at last—and the economic value of comic strips to newspapers had been forcefully proven.

Fisher's *A. Mutt* (later to evolve into the famed *Mutt and Jeff* comic) was, of course, the first effectively published daily comic strip. It not only ran on weekdays, but on Sundays as well for many months after its inception, appearing in its familiar six panels in the Sunday *Examiner* sports section just as it did on the daily sports page. Yet there was no notable rush among the hotly competing morning papers in other major cities to emulate the success of the *Chronicle* and *Examiner* in grabbing quick circulation jumps with a sports-page comic strip—at least so far as previous research had revealed. It has, accordingly, long been the assumption of comic strip researchers that the next six-day-a-week comic took a while to appear; probably A.D. Condo's *Everett True* in the NEA syndicate papers, or H.A. MacGill's *The Hall Room Boys* or one of the untitled Tad Dorgan animal character series (both in the Hearst newspaper chain) at some point between 1908 and 1910. (MacGill's *Hall Room Boys*, as a matter of fact, was appearing *every other* weekday in Hearst's New York *Journal* as early as 1904, alternating there with Gus Mager's *Knocko the Monk* on the editorial page.) The exact time and place that a second six-day-a-week comic strip appeared has not been pinned down—until now.

As it happens, this second daily strip appeared directly on the heels of Fisher's *A. Mutt*, again in California, and again on a

MR. PROONES, THE PLUNGER, IN TROUBLE AGAIN.—BY GEORGE HERRIMAN.

San Francisco Academy of Comic Art

sports page, featuring a compulsive race track bettor

It was, as the reader has guessed by now, the creation of George Herriman.

Herriman had shrewdly followed the line of least resistance to gain his goal of a daily comic strip. He had been effectively opportunistic too, knowing a good chance when he saw it. For in the sports section of the Los Angeles Sunday *Examiner* for December 8, 1907—just three weeks after the introduction of Bud Fisher's *A. Mutt* in the San Francisco *Chronicle*—a headline across the top of page 5 proclaimed, "The Race Track Bug is With Us Once More." Below, in a three-tiered, 12-panel narrative, Herriman had satirically illustrated a short article by Charles E. Van Loan on the same page, which described the annoying and misleading ways of the hot tipster whose ilk haunt the horse race tracks, spreading "confidential" misinformation and often leading to ruinous changes in the posted odds. Herriman's presentation of such a well-meaning idiot in action is a beautiful comic sequence, intricately anecdotal, and packed with local Los Angeles color from shoe shine stands to the musical tea rooms of the period. More importantly, it provided Herriman with a timely conceptual springboard from which—at last!—to propound the idea for a daily newspaper comic strip by himself. On Tuesday, December 10, 1907, at the top of the sports page, *Examiner* readers were treated to their first glimpse of the strip that was shortly to be called *Mr. Proones the Plunger*.

"Cartoonist Herriman Sees Queer Sights at Races," said the caption above the otherwise untitled five column episode. The "queer sights," as it developed, were those of the sveltely garbed Mr. Proones riding the top of a Monrovia-Santa Anita street car to avoid paying the fare, then entering the track by means of a drain pipe which ran under the fence.

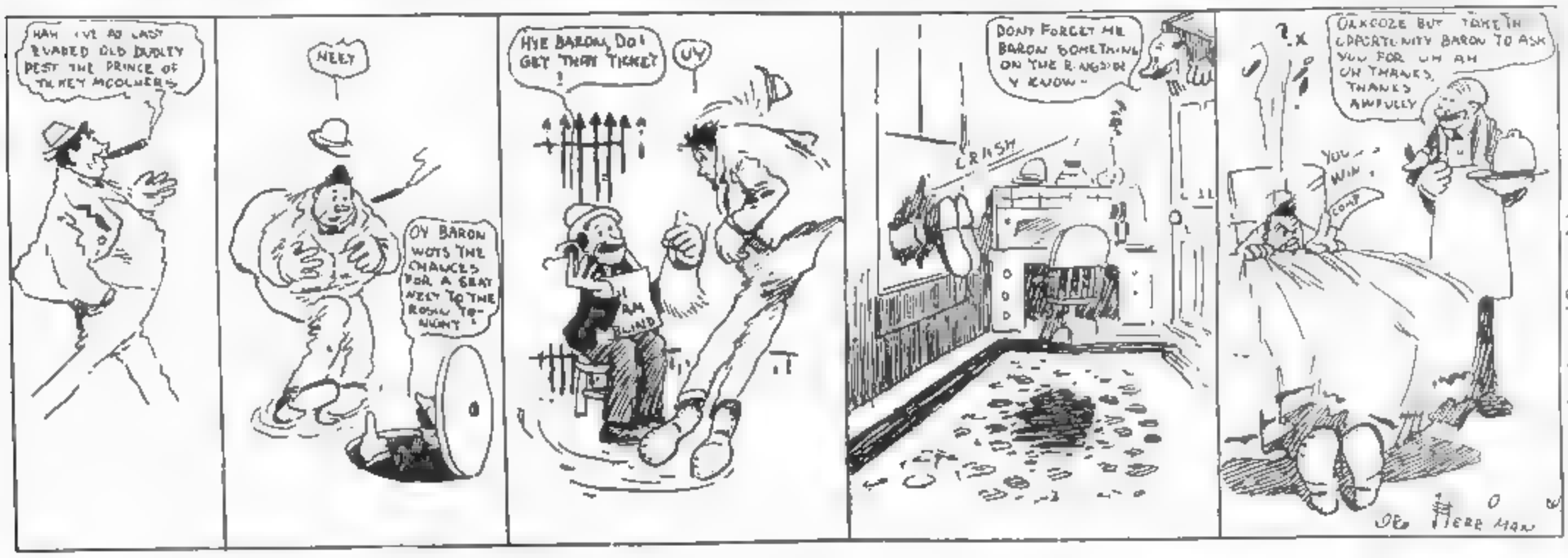
This antic debut fairly sums up Proones s activities between the comic's first appearance and its conclusion on December 26, 1907, during all of the ten episodes which constitute Herriman s shortest-lived strip. It is a marvellously funny work (half of the humor, of course, residing in the Herriman art), unremittingly vulgar, replete with period slang, obviously welcomed by the paper's readers (who had long since indicated their appreciation of Herriman's work by hiking *Examiner* sales), and seemingly just what the circulation doctor would logically have ordered for the sports page. Yet the strip was folded after two weeks of raffish fun without a word of explanation or a hint of revival. It is simply impossible to say why at this late date.

One curious matter involving both *A. Mutt* and *Mr. Proones the Plunger* is the striking similarity between Herriman's bald, rotund, heavily-moustached, top-hatted Proones and Fisher's later Little Jeff of *Mutt and Jeff*. They are simply ringers for one another. If there was any deliberate, consciously remembered imi tation on Fisher's part, however, it only developed when Fisher realized that Mutt needed a "straight" partner, and that the more and more frequently recurring Jeff (who had first entered *A. Mutt* most inauspiciously as a simple walk-on charcter, a lunatic who believed he was James Jeffries, the prize fighter, in 1908) was a good possibility for development in that line

Another *Proones* episode—from Dec. 14, 1907—displaying the coincidental similarity in appearance between Proones and Bud Fisher's later Jeff character.

The prototype of Herriman's mooching character, right down to Baron Bean of the middle teens. From Nov. 30, 1908.

THE TICKET "MOOCHER"—YOU CAN'T LOSE HIM


HAH I'VE AT LAST EVADED OLD DUDLEY PEST THE PRINCE OF TICKEY MOOCHERS
NEEY
OY BARON WOTS THE CHANCES FOR A SEAT NEEY TO THE ROOM TONIGHT !
HYE BARON, DO I GET THAT TICKET
UY
AM BLIND
DONT FORGET ME BARON SOMETHING ON THE RACES I KNOW -
CRASH
OANCOZE BUT TAKE TH OPPORTUNITY BARON TO ASK YOU FOR UH AH UH THANKS, THANKS AWFULLY
YOU WIN !
COAT
GEO HERRIMAN

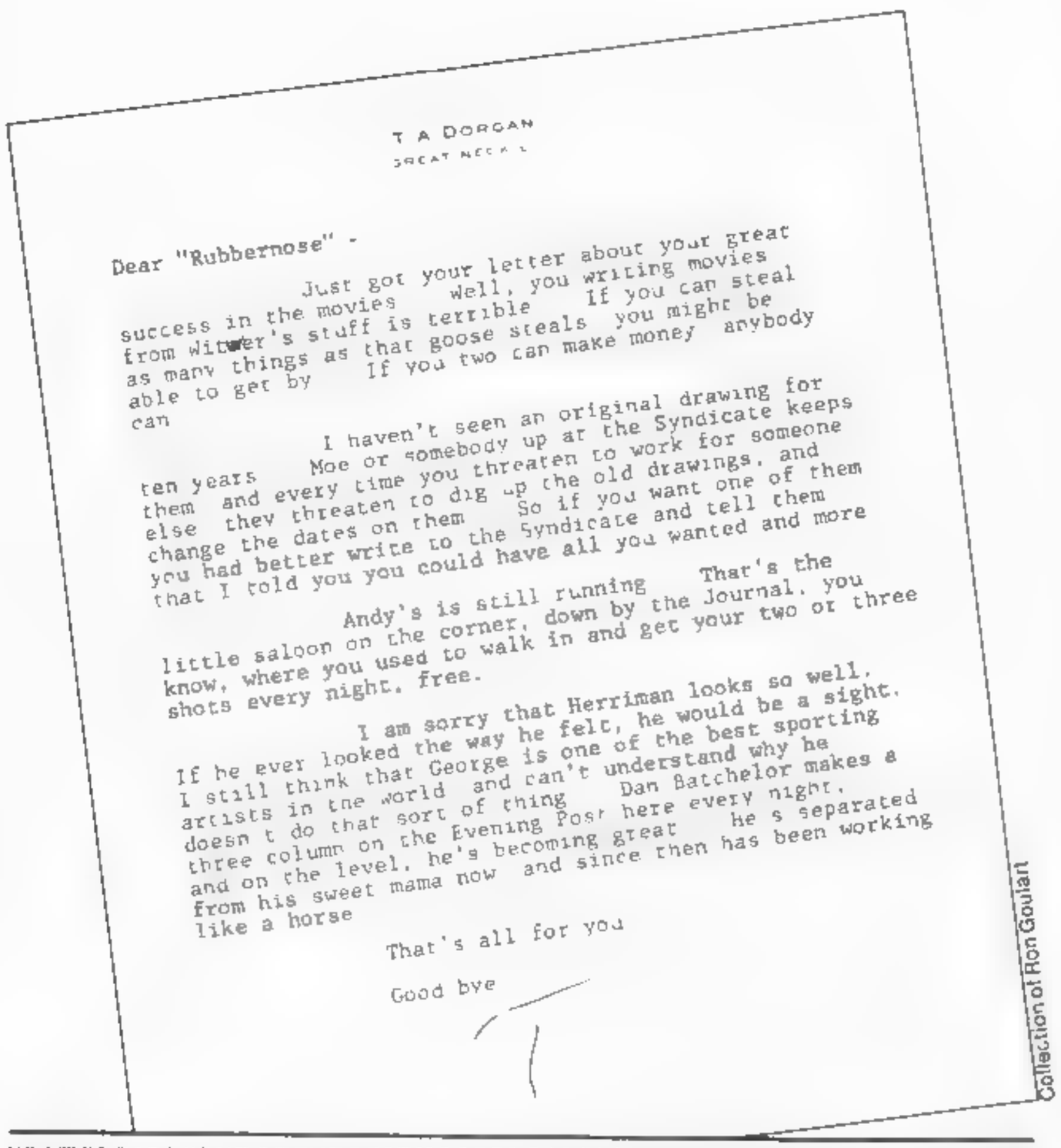
San Francisco Academy of Comic Art

For whatever reasons, Herriman did no further comic strip work for the Los Angeles *Examiner* over the next two years, although his assiduous production of political and sports cartoons and news story and feature article illustrations continued as before. The paper did add the incredibly popular Fisher strip on January 8, 1909 (as had all the other Hearst morning papers in the country), and it also began to run episodes of *The Hall Room Boys* and the off-again, on-again variety show of Tad Dorgan sports-page strips, such as *Silk Hat Harry's Divorce Suit* and *Bonehead Barry*. Curiously, just two months before this apparent brand-new advocacy of daily strips by the *Examiner* management, Herriman drew what was published as a one-shot, anecdotal piece of five panels called, "The Ticket Moocher—You Can't Lose Him." This feature, which in fact looks very much like a trial balloon for a second Herriman strip, introduces a grubby, lean, moustached man named Dudley Pest (i.e., "deadly pest"), who pursues a taller, sleeker man of apparent prosperity for a boon. The favor is a complimentary ticket to a prize fight. The man who has such tickets to dispense (otherwise unidentified; he is presumably a fight promoter) enters from stage left in the first panel chortling to himself that he has "at least evaded old Dudley Pest, the Prince of Ticket Moochers." Alas for his assumption, he is plagued in a series of stage-demon appearances by Pest, who emerges from a man-hole in his path, reveals himself as a blind beggar when the promoter pauses to slip him a dime, tries to climb over the transom of the promoter's office door, and finally turns up as a waiter bringing him his dinner—at which point the exhausted (and hungry) promoter presents Pest with his complimentary pass. On three of these encounters, Pest addresses the promoter as "baron," a slang term of the time used to the same effect as "boss," but suggesting a somewhat more friendly relationship. There was no more of Dudley Pest to be seen in the pages of the *Examiner*, but Herriman toyed with the "moocher" and "baron" terms, which he apparently liked, and just 11 months later, on the crest of the sudden *Examiner* daily comic tide, he introduced the first episode of a new daily strip, *Baron Mooch*. In this seven-column production (which began on Monday, November 1, 1909, and ran regularly every day, including Sunday, until December 19, 1909), Herriman departed physically from his two previous daily protagonists Proones and Pest, presenting us with a tall, spindly-legged, balloon-bellied man in vest and top hat, who smokes—or rather, mouths—an Irish clay pipe. This, of course, is Baron Mooch, whose obsession is finagling his way into theatrical and sporting events, as well as running for Mayor of Los Angeles on the side.

"They say I look like Wilkins Micawber," states the would-be mayor in the tenth episode of *Baron Mooch*, posing in stately pomp by a free lunch counter. (In this same episode, Herriman depicts Mooch's family tree, including a mother whose name was Freederina Pest, of Freejoli, Ohio, and a father named Freederic Mooch, who acquired the family baronetcy at Freeport, Long Island.) And for a few days, the free-loading baron (whose full name, we are told in this same pedigree-baring episode, is Freequentius De-Lunch Mooch) actually busies himself making speeches and posing for mayoral portraits, in between eager dives into taverns for a grab at the free lunch.

Herriman folded Baron Mooch on a Saturday, drew a routine sports page cartoon on the following Sunday, and then took a fling at a completely new comic strip on Monday, December 20, 1909. This was the extremely interesting *Mary's Home From College*, of which only four episodes ran in the *Examiner* over a three week period. Richly comic in its own short-lived right, *Mary*'s greatest interest now lies in its blueprint anticipation, in theme, characters and tone of the early content of Cliff Sterrett's later (1911), presumably innovative, and more famed Hearst comic strip, *Polly and Her Pals*.

Like *Polly*, *Mary* features a young, lovely college-age girl who perplexes her conservative, bald and moustached father at the same time she is understood and abetted by her matronly mother. One after the other, the four Herriman episodes set forth what were to be major developmental strands in the *Polly* fabric. There is no direct evidence at present that Cliff Sterrett ever saw this obscurely published, four-episode work of Herriman's, and since the New England cartoonist began *Polly* as a strip for a non-Hearst New York paper (the *Telegram*, where it was called *For This We Have Daughters?*), there can hardly be any question of the Hearst people having asked him for a strip *based* on *Mary*. It is more likely, given the pertinence to middle-class families of the period of the "problem" of the co-ed daughter in college (a new development at that time), that the idea of a strip dealing with this subject appealed independently to both cartoonists, resulting in understandably similar productions. (Not just concepts, but even exactly similar strip titles have turned up



T A DORGAN

Dear "Rubbernose" -

Just got your letter about your great success in the movies well, you writing movies from Witwer's stuff is terrible If you can steal as many things as that goose steals you might be able to get by If you two can make money anybody can

I haven't seen an original drawing for ten years Moe or somebody up at the Syndicate keeps them and every time you threaten to work for someone else they threaten to dig up the old drawings, and change the dates on them So if you want one of them you had better write to the Syndicate and tell them that I told you you could have all you wanted and more

Andy's is still running That's the little saloon on the corner, down by the Journal, you know, where you used to walk in and get your two or three shots every night, free.

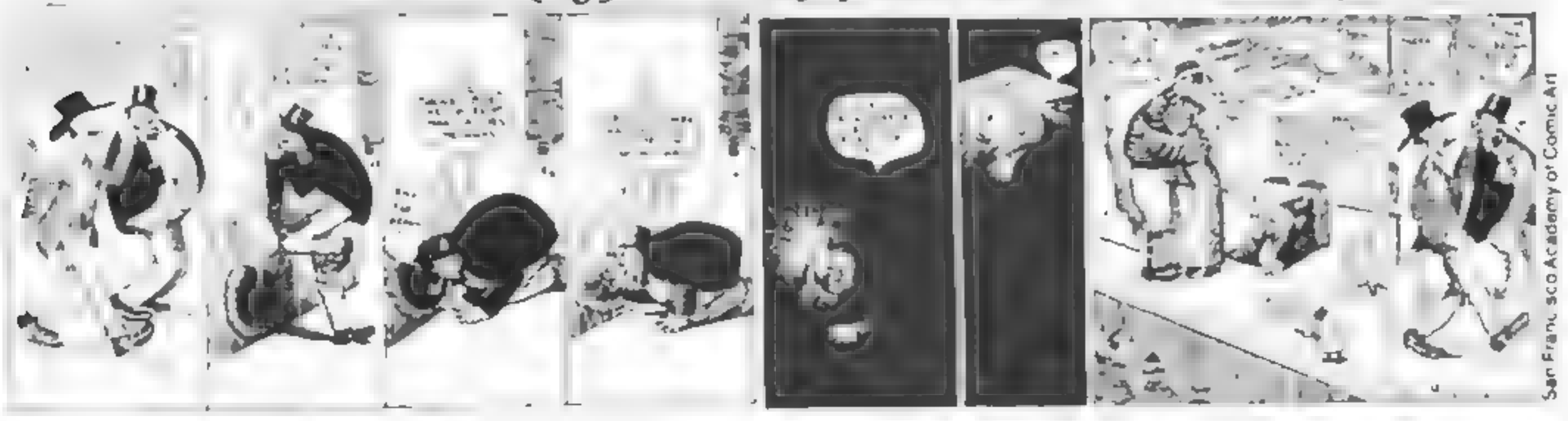
I am sorry that Herriman looks so well. If he ever looked the way he felt, he would be a sight. I still think that George is one of the best sporting artists in the world and can't understand why he doesn't do that sort of thing Dan Batchelor makes a three column on the Evening Post here every night, and on the level, he's becoming great He's separated from his sweet mama now and since then has been working like a horse

That's all for you

Good bye

Collection of Ron Goulart

KRAZY'S PAPA "ONE OF THE BEST [SPORTS CARTOONISTS] IN THE WORLD"?—The great TAD (Thomas A. Dorgan, noted sports cartoonist) knew George Herriman well... well enough, at least, to remark on his hypochondria. As TAD notes in this excerpt from a letter (ca. 1924—retyped here to facilitate reproduction) to cartoonist Tom McNamara, Herriman's abandonment of the sports cartooning activity did not go unlamented. [The Herriman sports cartoons and the other illustrations in this article are reprinted here for the first time since they originally appeared, approximately 75 years ago.] —REM



The first appearance of *Baron Mooch* in the *Los Angeles Examiner* of Nov. 1, 1909.

in comics with the artists unaware of the duplication: when Hank Ketcham developed a gag panel into a syndicated feature called *Dennis the Menace*, he was presumably unaware that the *Chicago Tribune*'s Stanley Link had drawn a Sunday comic strip of exactly the same name for a short time a few years earlier—or that a feature with the same name began one week earlier in England!)

Despite the later established popularity of Sterrett s *Polly and Her Pals* as a major Hearst strip, Herriman was actually encouraged by the Hearst syndicate in 1919 to revive *Mary's Home From College* as a "new" daily strip, and it ran in Hearst morning papers across the country for a few weeks (with Mary's parents being given fresh physical characteristics) before being replaced by a genuinely new (and longer-lived) Herriman daily titled *Now Listen, Mable*, an amusing variant on the standard lines of the boy-girl strips of the time

But although Herriman had managed, in the short space of two years, to have drawn the second deliberately designed and consecutively printed daily comic strip ever published, to have created a memorably imaginative and wickedly funny strip called *Baron Mooch*, and to have closely anticipated the content of a subsequent classic comic strip—all on a remote southern California newspaper stage where these remarkable achievements would be destined for total historical obscurity over the next 60 years—he had not yet pulled off the most startling and unexpected turn of his richly fruitful *Examiner* stint.

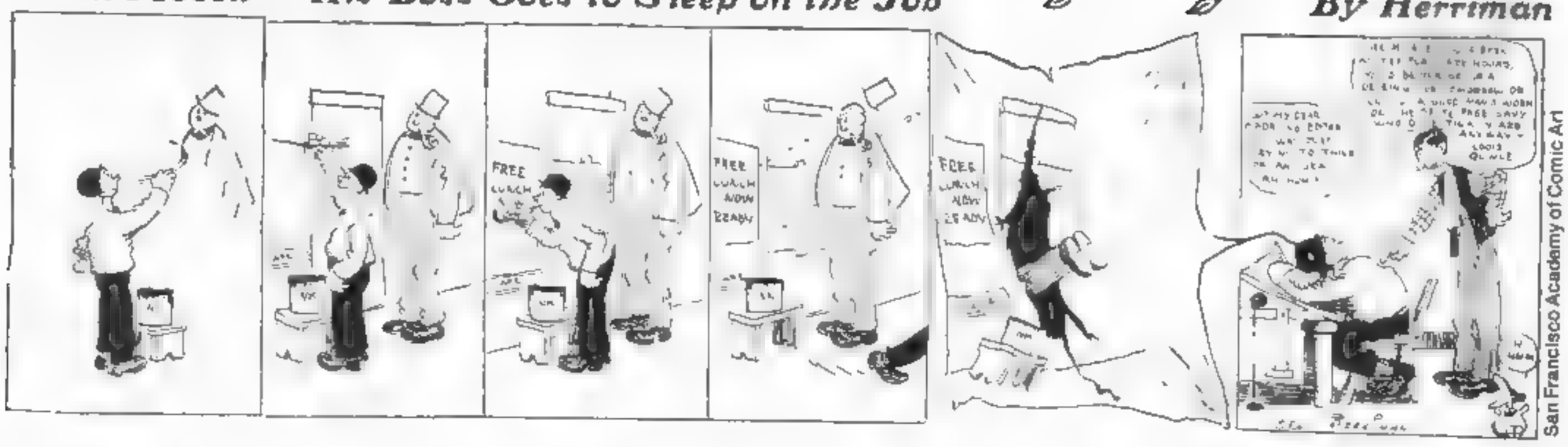
That came with the introduction of an extraordinary comic strip called *Gooseberry Sprigg*, a work that brilliantly prefigured the central development of Herriman's subsequent career, opening the way to the kat called Krazy, the mouse called Ignatz, and the whole raffish populace of the Enchanted Mesa in the strip called *Krazy Kat*.

A considerable stir was created in the literary world back in 1951 when it was determined, many years after the completed publication of *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*, that Proust had written a full-scale, trial-run anticipation of that novel in his youth called *Jean Santeuil*, which had survived and was at last to be published in its own right

In the field of the comic strip such discoveries of prefiguration have proven, curiously, not at all uncommon. I have already mentioned several previously unknown and unsuspected beginnings or trial balloons for famed strips detected by my research at the Academy, and I have brought still others to light in the past few years, including a pre-*Chief Wahoo* comic adventure strip of 1928 by Elmer Woggon; a 1924 adventure strip by George Storm antedating even *Phil Hardy*; a very unexpected 1910 Frank King daily strip for the Chicago *Tribune*, which was a prelude to his violent *Motorcycle Mike*; and a number of others But the discovery of Herriman's *Gooseberry Sprigg*, a work second only to *Krazy Kat* itself in graphic humor and anthropomorphic imagination overshadows all previous similar discoveries in the strip field. It is literally a Herriman Rosetta Stone, crucial to understanding the real instinct and direction of his comic work from the beginning

For *Gooseberry Sprigg*, which is like nothing so much as a superb series of *Krazy Kat* episodes with the kat and the standard Coconino residents left out, not only vitally enhances what we know of *Krazy Kat* as a creative work, but makes clear in no uncertain manner that Herriman's early moves toward the development of a surreal animal fantasy were calculated and certain, and not *at all* the casual series of experimental and accidental steps they had so long appeared to be.

George Herriman, ca. 1910.



Dec. 18, 1909: Herriman draws himself at the drawing board —and a humanish animal in the lower corner, presaging the device that brought *Krazy Kat* to the world.

Actually, Herriman had done it *all* before in the pages of the Los Angeles *Examiner*. He knew exactly what he was doing in spotting the funny animal gags and comic turns in the low foreground of a strip about adult human beings, since he had done precisely that, with great success, in the *Examiner*. He knew that the Hearst readers in New York and around the country would relish a strip based completely on the animal characters, since he had developed just such a strip for the *Examiner* to delighted applause. Moreover, the employer who had just transferred him from Los Angeles to New York, publisher Hearst himself, was fully aware of the pleased public response to Herriman's first funny animal strip work and obviously knew and approved of what Herriman was so consciously and deliberately up to in the early development of *The Family Upstairs* and its *Krazy Kat* spinoff.

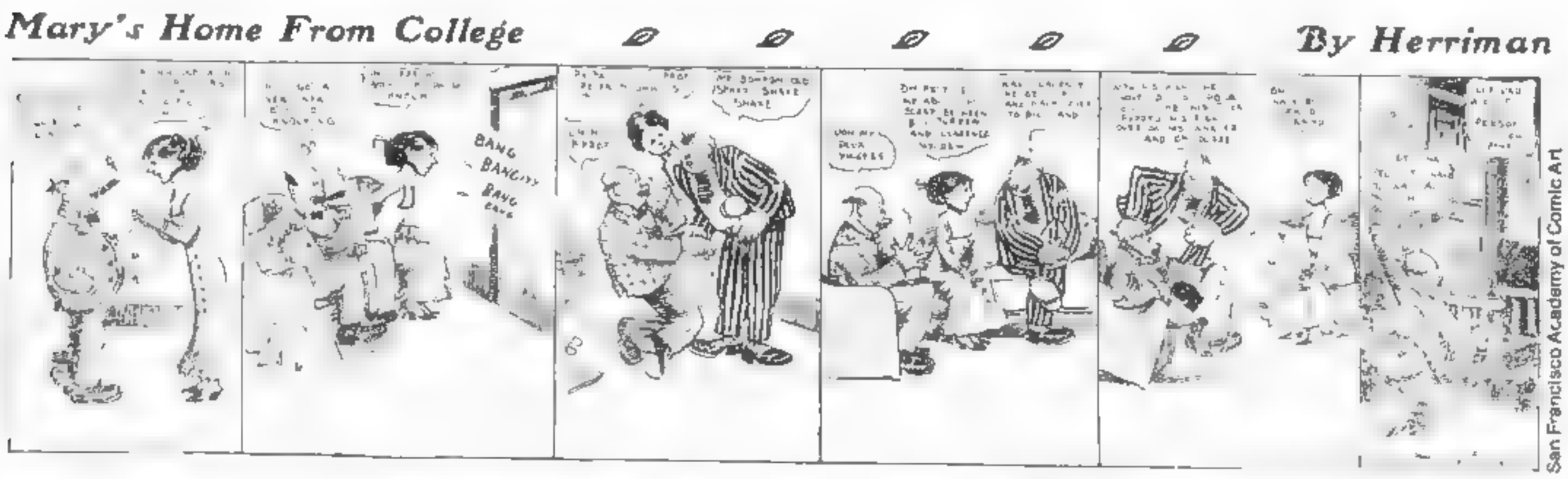
Herriman s comic-animal strip concept did not itself emerge from thin air. The young artist had long been an admirer of the sports-page cartoon and comic strip work of the great Tad Dorgan (TAD), doyen cartoonist of the weekday Hearst press. Dorgan had the notable habit of including a small spotted white dog in the background of his larger sports cartoons. Often the dog would make pungent or non-sensical comments on the foreground action. In due time—around 1905—Dorgan developed the dog (and some additional canine companions) into the active characters of a full-fledged, if sporadic, comic strip, initially involved in a burlesque of the Stanford White murder trial then taking place. When Herriman began to do his sports-page work for the *Examiner*, he saw fit to include a comic animal figure in his own backgrounds—in his case, a saucy, sarcastic duck, given to vaudeville turns and song renditions. When he started *Baron Mooch*, Herriman simply transferred the duck to the strip, moved him into the low foreground, and let him carry on as before, in total counterpoint to the activities of Mooch and his fellow peformers.

The premiere bow of this stubby duck takes place in the first *Baron Mooch* episode in the *Examiner*, where he can be seen just behind the footlights in a stage melodrama which Mooch has interrupted by coming up through a trapdoor in trying to "crash" the show; the duck, in top hat, butterfly collar and bow tie is taking a bow as he puffs a cigar and says, "Raus, ye Romans!"

A bit later, we find the bird doing a hornpipe on a baseball field. On November 6, Mooch directly addresses the duck in the last panel of the episode for that day, as the big panhandler sits in the lobby of a theatre from whose most prominent box seat he has just been ejected by management, his back against the lobby board announcing the play in progress: *When the Gringo Came*. "Did you see when the Gringo came, Mr. Sprig?" the Baron asks wistfully. "I saw one go," the duck replies as he scoots across the lobby after being ousted in Mooch's wake. This is the first use of a name for the elegant duck (minus one of the two "g s" which adorn it later), and the first suggestion that the reader is meant to think of him as an individual, rather than an abstract variety of comic duck. In the *Mooch* episode for November 10, we encounter the amorous Mr. Sprig(g) chucking a female bird under the bill as he says, "Kootchy kootchy," an endearment to which she responds with a coy, "Why, Gooseberry—."

Now properly named in full, Gooseberry Sprigg continued to wow the *Mooch* reader with his funny bits. On November 11, he does a duck and wing, singing "16 dux on a dead dux chest—;" on November 12, he peers past the bottom line of the last panel and says with delight, his top hat flying off: "That's some sports page down there!"; on November 14, he

The first episode of Herriman's pretty-girl strip *Mary's Home From College*. In a year or so, on the East Coast, Cliff Sterrett was to explore the same genre with *For This We Have Daughters* (later *Polly and Her Pals*).



is upside down, as is his dialogue balloon, which quips, "Isn't it foolish, heh?"; and much later, on December 11 he comes to confront a black cat with a bow-tied ribbon, to whom he says, "Ah kat, were you not such a low brow, I would a tale unfold for you..."

It is a moving moment, this last, for as we witness this event, we realize that the occasion is historic: Sprigg is meeting his great successor, Krazy Kat herself. (See detail on this issue's cover.)

At no point in these near-daily appearances of Sprigg s does the duck have much to do beyond his one-panel turns (although on one occasion, in the *Mooch* episode of December 6, Sprigg and a bizarre bird with a retractable head actually pursue a scrap through the baseboards of five panels), while the handful of straight men he encounters (lady duck, kat, odd bird or two, *et al.*) rarely recur. Yet his impact was obviously disproportionate to his visibility, and there must have been a solid sense among *Mooch* readers that considerably more than the baron himself was missing when they turned to the *Examiner* sports page of December 20, and found that comfortably dependable strip replaced with the first episode of *Mary's Home From College*. Happily for these dismayed readers, Sprigg popped up with a walkon bit in a straight sports cartoon the next day much as he had been doing for years, only to vanish again when *Mary* made its second bow on the following morning. On the 23rd, however, a wholly amazing thing happened, in terms both of the delighted surprise of the local *Examiner* readers, and the larger implication the event had for the future development of Herriman s work. For there in its complex, 14-panelled glory at the top of the sports page, was nothing less than the first episode of a comic strip entirely devoted to the debonair duck—and named for him too. *Gooseberry Sprigg*, proclaimed the title: *It Was His Busy Day*

Herriman, apparently excited and inspired by what must have been hints of the interest being expressed in his current work from the Hearst offices in New York, had obviously begun to use the *Examiner* sports page as a kind of day by-day display case for his imaginative wares. He must have known that *Mary's Home From College*, a light, domestic strip, had no real point on a sports page, but since the audience he primarily wanted to reach at this point was in New York and not Los Angeles, in order to demonstrate his variety of idea and breadth of potential, he didn't really care. And if *Gooseberry Sprigg* was meant to crown this display of talent, as it apparently was, it succeeded admirably.

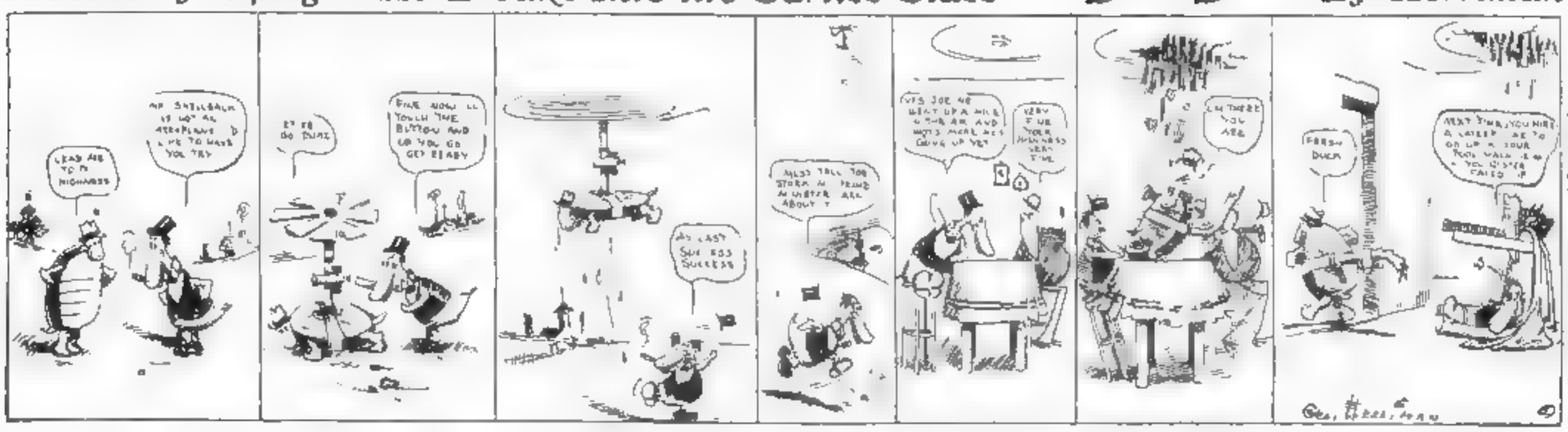
It was indeed a "busy day" for Gooseberry Sprigg in that opening episode of December 23. Lady ducks are being insulted right and left by street flirts on this irksome day, and the ebullient Sprigg feels called upon to set things right by slugging each and every masher in the chops after being appealed to by the various ladies fair. "Kind sir," weeps one such damsel, "a bold dicky bird just made a phony crack at me—ohooo!" "Lady," Gooseberry assures her, "I ve slammed a half dozen gay birds today, and I see that chivalry bids me slam another—'tis well," Faring forth, Sprigg pastes yet another fowl ball (who protests that he "just said kootchy-kootchy to her"), and he is quite the cock of the walk when several of his previous cloutees get together and approach an enormous tough named Spike Flamingo, persuading him to insult a duck damsel in Sprigg s path. Spike promptly flattens Gooseberry in the ensuing encounter The episode closes with a battered Gooseberry sprawled against a building while a number of his earlier victims stroll saucily by, puffing cigars.

A rather routine slapstick sequence which would have been barely passable fare in the hands of an ordinary cartoonist somehow become—as always, with Herriman—a marvelously fanciful creative jape, with masterful comic images and risible turns of phrase from start to finish. But it is almost the least of the *Sprigg* episodes to follow through the next month, in which the fantasy and hilarity mount from day to day. It is clear before a

Herriman's occasionally used Duck character solos for the first time. *Gooseberry Sprigg* (thereafter "Sprig") debuted in the *Examiner* of Dec. 23, 1909.

***Below:* George Herriman in later years at the drawing board.**

Collection of Rick Marschall


Gooseberry Sprig---He Breaks Into the Curtiss Class
By Herriman
LEAD ME TO IT HIGHNESS
MR SNIELBALK IS NOT AN AEROPLANE IT LIKE TO HAVE YOU TRY
BY GO DUMZ
FINE NOW LL YOU'LL TAKE BUTTON AND GO YOU GO GET READY
AS LAST SHE HAS SUCCESS
ALSO TELL YOU STORM IN PRUNE MUNITER ALL ABOUT IT
IVES JOE HE BEAT UP A MICE NUMBAR AND WITH MORE ACT GIVE UP YET
VERY FINE YOUR HIGHNESS NEXT TIME
I'M THERE YOU ARE
FRESH DUCK
NEXT TIME YOU HIRE A SHEEP TO DO UP A JOUR YOU DISH A FAITO IT
Geo. Herriman
San Francisco Academy of Comic Art

Already by Jan. 10, 1910, Herriman's animals had firm identities and memorable characters. *Krazy Kat*—unique as it was—did not appear full-blown and totally without precedent as History has assumed. Neither was the strip-below-a-strip technique that gave birth to Krazy a singular occurrence: Gooseberry had been born the same way beforehand.

dozen episodes have been read that Herriman is in the process of developing a comic masterpiece—and it is quite apparent from the sheer effulgence of verve and joy to be seen in every episode that Herriman is himself well aware of this. He is putting on a grand show and knows it—and there can be little doubt but that the show was relished by its ultimate audience in the Hearst offices in New York as much as it must have been by the L.A. groundlings who devoured the strip through those brief magic weeks in their daily copies of the *Examiner*.

Certainly, Hearst was sold on Herriman as a strip artist. For the sake of his career, the happily resettled Los Angeleno realized that he would be well-advised to follow Hearst s prompt summons to New York and the *Journal* cartoon staff, and he set about readying himself for the journey. Once the concentrated comic strip display of the winter of 1909-10 was over, however—all Herriman's gorgeous fireworks had been set off between October 25, 1909, with the start of *Mooch* and January 24, 1910, with the doubtless lamented close of *Sprigg*—the *Examiner* artist returned to his earlier routine of sports-page and political cartoon work, pursuing no further comic strip efforts until his arrival in New York and the first appearance of *The Dingbat Family* in the *Journal* on June 20, 1910. (The proud *Examiner*, of course, heralded the new work by its prodigy by publishing it also, at about a week's lag in time between East Coast and West Coast appearance.)

But it is clear now that Herriman's deft development of *Krazy Kat* by stages within the external development of *The Dingbat Family/ a.k.a/ The Family Upstairs*, was virtually assured of success through the assessment of public reaction to the "dry run" Herriman had already carried out in the *Examiner* with *Mooch* and *Sprigg*.

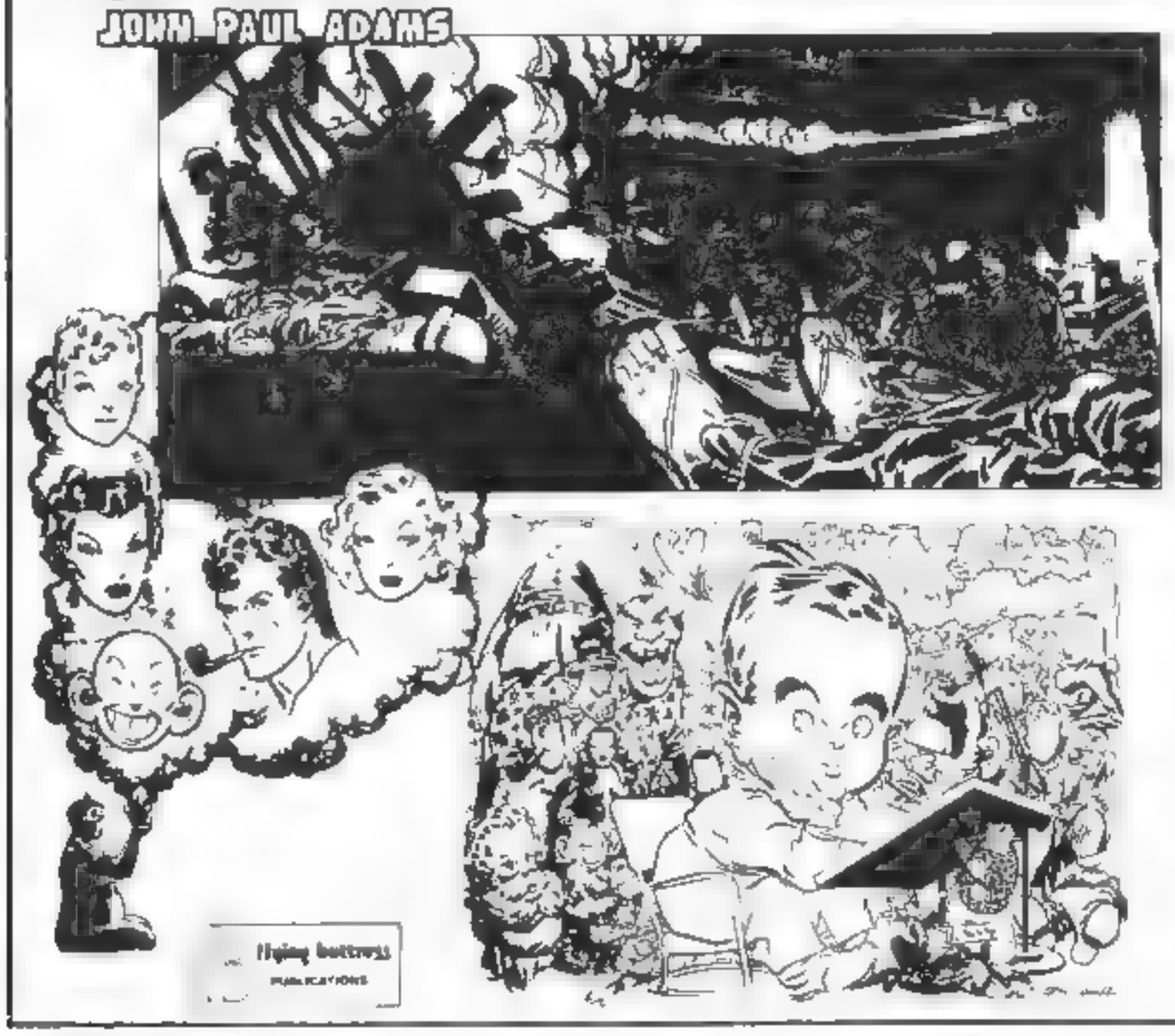
What comic strip historians have so long regarded as the tentative and accidental stumbling into a masterpiece must now be seen as a carefully calculated repetition of a most successful experiment carried out in the boonies only a few months earlier. And the comic strip field can now, inarguably, claim to have experienced its own equivalent of the emergence of Proust s unexpected and extraordinary *Jean Santeuil*.

N.B.: *Gooseberry Sprigg* itself is simply too complex and richly provocative a strip to permit a proper assessment within the confines of the present piece, and it will have to await a full-length critical treatment in a subsequent article. Suffice it here to note that Herriman's dashing duck did not disappear with the last *Sprigg* episode in the Los Angeles *Examiner* but re-emerged at periodic intervals in *Krazy Kat*, as early as 1910 in the animal portion of *The Family Upstairs*, and as late as 1938 in *Krazy Kat* itself; indeed, he has been mentioned in more than one list of recognized minor characters in the Coconino County drama. Joe Stork, another regular in *Krazy Kat*, also makes his first appearance in *Gooseberry Sprigg* as a cranky crony of the duck. And we have mentioned the meeting of Sprigg with the silly "kat" herself in *Mooch*. What remains is the determination of time and place for another meeting—one too long delayed—which would bring together the present multitude of *Krazy Kat* devotees and students with the superlative *corpus* of *Gooseberry Sprigg* in full. We can only hope that that too may be accomplished in the not-too-far-distant future through a publication of Herriman's early works for Pulitzer and the World Color Printing Co., as well as his complete *Examiner* strip *œuvre*—from *Mr. Poones* through *Baron Mooch* and *Mary's Home From College* to *Gooseberry Sprigg*. Watch these columns for details.

Bill Blackbeard is the founder and Director of the San Francisco Academy of Comic Art, where enormous files of bound newspapers and runs of most comic strips from 1896 to date provide the raw material from which major new discoveries in comic strip history are being made regularly. Blackbeard, author and editor of 36 books in the comic strip field, including the monumental Smithsonian Collection of Newspaper Comics *and a series of books featuring the first years of such classic strips as* Popeye *and* Krazy Kat, *provides a handy service to strip students and researchers whereby crisp, sharp reproductions (on bond paper) of strips in the Academy files may be ordered by the month or year at a base charge of $30 a year for daily titles, $15 a year for many Sunday titles, plus shipping costs. Among the researchers using this service are Ron Goulart, Mort Walker, Milton Caniff, Dick Moores, Will Eisner, Ray Bradbury, and Jules Feiffer. (For copyright reasons, those requesting such reproductions must state they have no reproductive, resale, or other commercial purposes in mind, and only one copy of a reproduction will be made for a given individual.) Blackbeard's next book will be a collaboration with Ray Bradbury, titled* Science Fiction in the Comics

MILT CANIFF
REMBRANDT OF THE COMIC STRIP

RICK MARSCHALL
JOHN PAUL ADAMS



The original edition of this fascinating biography, which covers Caniff's life and career up to his leaving **Terry and the Pirates,** is now a rarity.
Our new edition adds chapters on this period by famed comic art historian **RICK MARSCHALL.**
The book is chock full of rare illustrations and stunning blow-ups!

64pp.,8½x11, jacketed trade paperback: $6.95
Collector's Edition: gold-embossed, jacketed hardcover, limited to 500 copies: $13.50
numbers under 50. $15.00

Please add $1.20 shipping & handling

FLYING BUTTRESS PUBL.
P.O. Box 254
Endicott, NY 13760

NEXT ISSUE!

The second great issue of NEMO offers more treasures from comics' fantastic heritage!

★ Our lead story is devoted to the Superman you've never met. Historian Tom Andrea conducts interviews with SIEGEL and SHUSTER... We'll reproduce pages from their early sketchbooks... such gems as: Superman's origin and first adventure from the daily newspaper strip! The first Superman story, "The Reign of the Superman," by Siegel and Shuster, in a 1933 fanzine! Their 1933 illustrated fanzine review of King Kong! Plus unpublished art and layouts... and more!

Other great features will include:

★ The conclusion of the 1940 *Terry and the Pirates* episode with Raven Sherman, Hu Shee, and the Dragon Lady!

★ Ron Goulart writes the definitive history of super-hero newspaper strips!

★ Early panoramic *Alley Oop* Sunday pages! Fred Harman's realistic Western art in his classic—and rare—*On the Range* feature. And Penman of the Past Art Young, the powerful and acerbic Socialist cartoonist!

★ And more! Don't miss making NEMO a regular part of your comics library!

NEMO... cover date August... on sale early June, 1983.

Andriola and the Commandos

It started in the middle '30s, with Noel Sickles's *Scorchy Smith* and Caniff's *Terry and the Pirates*, and by the middle '40s the influence of the Sickles-Caniff style could be seen all over newspaper funnies sections and in a good many comic books as well.

The style was both impressionistic and realistic, relying on lushly brushed-in black and requiring a strong knowledge of light and shadow. And it was distinctly modern-looking, owing little to the earlier "big foot" comic-strip style of cartooning and even less to the formal, posed illustrational approach that dated back to Howard Pyle and had found its way into comics through the strips of such drybrush experts as Hal Foster and Alex Raymond.

The purveyors of the style included former Caniff sidemen—such as Alfred Andriola, Charles Raab and Ray Bailey—as well as those who'd been converted in other ways. Mel Graff, for instance, had worked in the Associated Press bullpen in Manhattan with Caniff and Sickles. Bert Christman and Frank Robbins both put in time drawing *Scorchy Smith* after Sickles had departed AP. Ken Ernst had hung around the Caniff-Sickles studio in his youth, and Alex Toth had simply grown up doting on their work, as had Lee Elias, Norman Maurer and William Overgard.

All this resulted in quite a few comic strips taking on the Sickles-Caniff look. Among them were *The Adventures of Patsy*, *Charlie Chan*, *Mary Worth*, *Dan Dunn*, *Johnny Hazard Secret Agent X-9*, and *Bruce Gentry*. In comic books, Toth's late '40s work on *Green Lantern* and *Johnny Thunder* shows the influence as do Lee Elias's *Black Cat* and Maurer's *Daredevil*.

There's no doubt that the least-known strip done in the style is the one reprinted here.

The Yankee Rangers lasted but six weeks. Alfred Andriola wrote and drew it sometime in mid-1942. He'd dropped *Charlie Chan* earlier in the year, the last strips running in May. It was while he was negotiating to take over *Dan Dunn* (which would segue into *Kerry Drake*) that King Features approached him with the suggestion he cook up a mini-series about the war for them.

Andriola obliged with *The Yankee Rangers* and neither he nor anyone else can now recall why the syndicate was interested in peddling such a short-lived feature. The whole affair is rather mysterious. King was not courting Andriola for greater things; it knew of his commitment to Publishers Syndicate for *Drake*. The order was for a mere six-week episode. King hardly promoted the strip, and it ran in few, if any, of Hearst's own papers. Yet Andriola was clearly a rising star one whose name King took the trouble to seek out.

During the months between *Chan* and *Dunn* Andriola also found time to invent a new comic-book superhero. The fellow was named Captain Triumph and made his debut in the January, 1943 issue of *Crack Comics*. Andriola turned out six unsigned episodes and by the time the last one appeared, *Kerry Drake* had been launched.

The *Rangers* strip is drawn in the style Andriola had developed on *Charlie Chan* and that he would use in the early years of *Kerry Drake*. It's an attractive derivation of the Sickles-Caniff approach, slick and effective. The story seems a shade gung ho, but quite probably in 1942 nobody noticed that.

There is, by the way, one other strip Andriola worked on that seems to be totally lost to history. Sometime before World War II commenced he and Lee Falk, the urbane author of *Mandrake the Magician* and *The Phantom*, collaborated on a feature about a dashing foreign correspondent. As Falk recalled when contacted by *NEMO*, two weeks of samples were done and submitted to his home syndicate, King, which rejected the strip.

Quite obviously, Andriola—who's been producing *Kerry Drake* for Publishers Syndicate and Field Enterprises for nearly four decades—wasn't meant to hook up with King Features. Not for more than six weeks, anyway.

—Ron Goulart

AN AMERICAN BASE — SOMEWHERE ON THE ENGLISH COAST..
THE YANKEE RANGERS ARE NO CREAM PUFF ARMY! YOU NEWCOMERS FROM THE STATES WILL LEARN TO DYNAMITE AND SABOTAGE—HANDLE RIFLE, TOMMY-GUN, GRENADES AND A RAZOR-SHARP TRENCH KNIFE AGAINST A RUTHLESS ENEMY...
...EMPLOY JIU JITSU AND GUERRILLA WARFARE—GO FOR DAYS WITHOUT FOOD OR WATER—AND SWIM LONG DISTANCES WITH AN 80-POUND PACK ON YOUR BACK! BEGINNING TODAY, YOU'RE LIVING ON DANGER!
RIGHT NOW I NEED THREE VOLUNTEERS! ANYONE WILLING TO OFFER HIS SERVICES, FOLLOW ME INSIDE!
COPYRIGHT 1942 KING FEATURES SYNDICATE INC. WORLD RIGHTS RESERVED
CHUNKY TUBBS REPORTING FOR DUTY, SIR!
REX RAND REPORTING FOR DUTY, SIR!
RIFF RAFFERTY REPORTING FOR DUTY, SIR!
!
Alfred Andriola

Collection of Ron Goulart

I'M AFRAID THIS IS AN EXTREMELY DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT! ARE YOU SURE YOU THREE BOYS ARE WILLING TO—
YES, SIR, COLONEL FORCE! WE'RE ALL IN THIS TOGETHER!
JUST SLIP US WHAT WE'RE TO DO!
WE HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE THE ENEMY IS USING THE LITTLE TOWN OF DUYKSEN, ON THE NETHERLANDS COAST, AS A MUNITIONS SUPPLY BASE FOR RAIDING OUR CONVOYS AND BLASTING OUR SHORE DEFENSES.
...I MUST HAVE A DETAILED MAP OF THE CITY, SHOWING THE LOCATION OF THE NAZI MUNITIONS DEPOT!
WHEN DO WE START, COLONEL FORCE?
SHORTLY BEFORE MIDNIGHT, A MOSQUITO BOAT WILL DROP YOU WITHIN TWO MILES OF YOUR OBJECTIVE! AFTER THAT, THE REST IS UP TO YOU!
PERHAPS THE UNDERGROUND PATRIOTS CAN HELP YOU! I'M DEPENDING ON YOU BOYS TO SUCCESSFULLY CARRY OUT THIS MISSION UNDER YOUR BAPTISM OF FIRE!
COPYRIGHT 1942 KING FEATURES SYNDICATE
WORLD RIGHTS RESERVED

A TINY MOSQUITO LAUNCH COMES TO REST IN THE MIDST OF AN OPEN SEA... A SMALL RUBBER LIFE BOAT IS DROPPED OVERSIDE AND THREE FIGURES CLIMB DOWN INTO IT...
YOUR OBJECTIVE LIES TWO MILES SOUTHEAST OF HERE! YOU HAVE EXACTLY FIVE HOURS TO COMPLETE YOUR MISSION BEFORE DAWN!
I'LL RETURN TO THIS VERY SPOT ONE HOUR BEFORE DAYLIGHT IF YOU'RE NOT HERE BY THEN, IT WILL BE ASSUMED YOU ARE EITHER CAPTURED OR DEAD!
GOOD LUCK!
SILENTLY, RIFF, CHUNKY AND REX SHOVE AWAY FROM THE LAUNCH AND PADDLE GRIMLY OFF INTO THE NIGHT...
COPYRIGHT 1942 KING FEATURES SYNDICATE INC. WORLD RIGHTS RESERVED

LOOK! DEAD AHEAD LAND!
DUTCH SOIL! HOLD YOUR BREATH, BOYS! WE'RE ABOUT TO INVADE OCCUPIED COUNTRY!
A SEA VOYAGE SURE GIVES ME AN APPETITE WHEN DO WE EAT?
AFTER OUR MISSION IS FINISHED, CHUNKY! WE'LL BURY OUR RAFT RIGHT HERE IN THE SAND! IT'LL BE SAFE TILL WE RETURN!
THE TOWN OF DUYKSEN SHOULD LIE DUE EAST OF HERE!
THEN LETS HURRY! WE'VE GOT TO REACH IT WITHOUT BEING DISCOV—
COPYRIGHT 1942 KING FEATURES SYNDICATE INC. WORLD RIGHTS RESERVED

SO! YANKEE RANGERS! UP WITH THE HANDS!
SURE THING, PAL!
I ALWAYS FOLLOW ORDERS!
BANG!
NICE WORK RIFF! LOOKS LIKE THIS BABY'S OUT FOR THE DURATION
THAT SHOULD CONCLUDE US IF WE DON'T DUCK SOMEONE MAY HAVE HEARD THAT SENTRY'S SHOT! THIS WAY— QUICK!
WA— MARCHING FEET—COMING TOWARD US!
SOLDIERS! THEY HEARD THAT SHOT WE'RE IN FOR IT!
COPYRIGHT 1942 KING FEATURES SYNDICATE INC. WORLD RIGHTS RESERVED

THOSE TRAMPING FOOTSTEPS ARE COMING CLOSER! WE CAN'T STAY HERE! WH-WHAT'LL WE DO?
HEAD FOR THAT STABLE OFF THE ROAD JUST AHEAD! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE TO ESCAPE DETECTION!
WE'RE IN LUCK! THE OLD BARN'S EMPTY!
UP THAT LADDER! WE'LL BE SAFE ENOUGH IN THE LOFT!
WE MADE IT, REX! NOW WE CAN RELAX AND UNPACK SOMETHING TO EAT! I'M STARV—
LISTEN!
THOSE MARCHING FEET HAVE HALTED BEFORE THE STABLE!
WH-WHO DO YOU SUPPOSE IT CAN BE?
WORLD RIGHTS RESERVED

LOOK! NAZI SOLDIERS! THIS BARN WE STUMBLED INTO IS A SECRET ARMY OUTPOST!

IT- IT TAKES MY APPETITE AWAY! WH-WHAT'LL WE DO?

SHH - JUST LISTEN!

IF THE HIGH COMMAND IS RIGHT, YANKEE RANGERS MAY TRY TO JOIN FORCES WITH THE NETHERLANDS FREE PATRIOTS!

IMPOSSIBLE, HERR CAPTAIN! OUR GESTAPO HAS SMASHED THAT ORGAN-

NEWS- BAD NEWS!

-THREE INVADING RANGERS... OVER-POWERED ME ON BEACH -- HEADED THIS WAY!

YOU BLUNDERING IDIOT! THERE'S NO TELLING WHERE THEY'VE GONE!

QUICK! HAVE A SCOUTING PARTY SEARCH THE FIELDS! OTHERS WILL SUR-ROUND THIS STABLE! -

-WE'LL START THE HUNT AT ONCE --BEGINNING WITH THE LOFT!

HEY! THAT GANG'S COMING UP THE LADDER AFTER US! WE CAN'T FIGHT AN ARMY!

WE WON'T HAVE TO! JUST WATCH ME I'M CLONKING THE FIRST BIRD WHO POKES HIS HEAD ABOVE THAT HOLE AND -

SPANG!

N-NOW YOU'VE DONE IT, RIFF! WE'VE ONLY STALLED THAT MOB! THEY'LL BE AT US LIKE A WOLF PACK ANY MINUTE!

QUICK! THROUGH THAT JAGGED HOLE TO THE ROOF! IT'S OUR ONLY OUT!

WELL, WELL! A MOTORCYCLE LEFT HERE JUST FOR US! LOOKS LIKE THIS WILL BE EASY!

TAKE ANOTHER LOOK. WE'VE G-GOT COMPANY!

CAUGHT IN A WITHERING HAIL OF LEAD, REX, CHUNKY AND RIFF LEAP WILDLY OFF THE STABLE ROOF..

DESPERATELY, THEY RUSH TOWARD AN UNGUARDED MOTORCYCLE..

WE'RE TOO LATE! THE YANKS ARE ESCAPING IN A STAFF MOTOR-CYCLE!

WAIT! THEY'RE HEADING TOWARD DUYKSEN! - THERE'S STILL A CHANCE!

OUTPOST C-12 TO DUYKSEN BARRACKS... BE ON LOOKOUT FOR THREE YANKEE RANGERS, HEADED YOUR DIRECTION IN STOLEN MOTOR-CYCLE... ONCE SIGHTED, WIPE THEM OUT!

MILE AFTER MILE, THREE YANKEE RANGERS, ASTRIDE A STOLEN NAZI MOTORCYCLE, STREAK ALONG A DESERTED ROAD, DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO ENEMY TERRITORY-

.. FINALLY-

LOOK! AHEAD! A CITY! THAT MEANS FOOD!

THAT MEANS DUYKSEN WHERE THE NAZIS MAINTAIN THAT HIDDEN SUPPLY BASE WE'RE TO LOCATE! WE'LL DITCH THIS BUGGY AND SLIP IN UNNOTICED -

H-HEY! A WELCOMING COMMITTEE - WITH A MACHINE-GUN!

WE'VE RIDDEN INTO A TRAP! HOLD TIGHT BEFORE THEY START SHOOTING - WE'RE GOING PLACES!

CHALK UP ONE FOR OUR SIDE! WE SURE PUT THOSE BABIES IN THEIR PLACE!

WE'RE NOT OUT OF THE WOODS YET, CHUNKY! - GOT TO CLEAR THIS AREA BEFORE THEY START HOLLERING FOR HELP!

GREAT GALLOPING GUNFIRE! WHAT'S THAT!

SNIPERS! DUCK, EVERYBODY! WE'RE INSIDE A HORNETS' NEST! I -

PING!

SUDDENLY A STRAY BULLET RIPS THROUGH ONE OF THE TIRES. OUT OF CONTROL, THE VEHICLE CAREENS WILDLY ACROSS THE STREET, AND -

PING! PING! PING! PANG!

CRASH

WE'VE BEEN CHASED BY NAZI SOLDIERS, SHOT AT FROM AMBUSH AND SPILLED FROM A SPEEDING MOTORCYCLE! WHAT NEXT?
FOOTSTEPS! A WHOLE MESS OF 'EM! COME ON, GANG! OPPOSITE DIRECTION FOR US!
LOOK! SOLDIERS- FROM THIS SIDE, TOO!
WE'RE SURROUNDED!
IF THOSE BABIES GRAB US, OUR MISSION'S A PERMANENT FLOP! QUICK- INTO THIS ALLEY! WE MAY HAVE A CHANCE!
W-WELL, SEASON MY SCRAPPLE! A GIRL!
SHH!- NOT A WORD! FOLLOW ME QUICKLY! WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU!
I DON'T GET IT, MISS! WHO ARE YOU? WHY ARE YOU TRYING TO -
NO TIME TO EXPLAIN NOW! PLEASE TRUST ME WE'VE GOT TO REACH SAFETY BEFORE THOSE NAZI TROOPS SWARM INTO THIS ALLEY AND FIND US
HURRIEDLY, THE GROUP STUMBLES ALONG THE DISMAL PASSAGE THEN, AS THEY REACH A CLUSTER OF INNOCENT-LOOKING BARRELS-
QUICKLY- CLIMB INTO THIS BARREL!
ALL OF US IN THAT LITTLE BARREL?
LOOK! THIS IS AN ENTRANCE TO SOME KIND OF UNDERGROUND ROOM! WHAT'S DOWN THERE?
THE DUYKSEN HEADQUARTERS OF THE NETHERLANDS FREE PATRIOTS!

CONCEALED FROM THE STREET BY A DUMMY BARREL, THREE YANKEE RANGERS AND A STRANGE GIRL CLIMB DOWN A HIDDEN SHAFT DEEP INTO THE EARTH...
FINALLY
HEY! WHAT'S THIS PLACE?
WELL IT CAN'T BE A KITCHEN I DON'T SMELL FOOD!
WELCOME TO THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE FREE PATRIOTS I AM DR VOORT- AND THIS IS MY ASSISTANT - HELGA!
- OUR MEMBERS USE THIS ABANDONED MINE TO PRINT TRUTHFUL NEWS AND BROADCAST MESSAGES TO A CONQUERED PEOPLE! WE KNOW EVERY MOVE THE INVADER MAKES
THEN YOU CAN HELP US SOMEWHERE IN DUYKSEN THE NAZIS HAVE A SECRET MUNITIONS DEPOT WE HAVE THREE HOURS TO FIND IT AND RETURN TO OUR BASE WHERE IS IT DR VOORT?
DEPOT? I-I'M AFRAID YOU'RE MISTAKEN! THERE IS NO MUNITION DEPOT!
?

OUR FREE PATRIOTS ARE SCATTERED EVERYWHERE, ALWAYS WATCHING, LISTENING! STRANGE, WE NEVER HEARD OF ANY SECRET MUNITIONS DEPOT HERE IN DUYKSEN!
Y'MEAN WE RISKED OUR NECKS COMIN' HERE FOR NOTHIN'?
DR. VOORT! LOOK!
I JUST FOUND THIS IN OUR FILES! MAJOR VON KRAUT - COMMANDER GERMAN OCCUPATION FORCES- KNOWN TO PERSONALLY CARRY MAP OF NAZI MILITARY INSTALLATIONS! TONIGHT HE WILL BE AT STAFF HEADQUARTERS!
THAT'S OUR BIRD! WHICH WAY'S STAFF HEADQUARTERS?
WAIT! BY THIS TIME, EVERY NAZI SOLDIER IS ON THE WARPATH FOR YOU YANKS! APPEARING ON THE STREETS NOW WOULD MEAN INSTANT DEATH!
THERE MUST BE ANOTHER ANSWER!
HELGA WILL CONDUCT YOU THROUGH THE TUNNEL TO A SECRET EXIT NEAR YOUR OBJECTIVE! - HURRY WHILE THERE IS STILL TIME!

A DESERTED DUTCH STREET. INSIDE A VACANT LOT, A SMALL INNOCENT-LOOKING BUSH SLOWLY TILTS TO ONE SIDE, REVEALING A TRAP-DOOR IN THE GROUND...
CAUTIOUSLY THE HEADS OF THREE YANKEE RANGERS AND A GIRL EMERGE INTO VIEW AND STARE ABOUT...
LOOK- ACROSS THE STREET THAT'S NAZI STAFF HEADQUARTERS! AND THE CAR PARKED AT THE CURB BELONGS TO MAJOR VON KRAUT!
THANKS FOR EVERYTHING, HELGA! WE'LL TAKE OVER FROM HERE!
GET READY FOR ACTION FELLOWS! SOONER OR LATER, THE MAJOR WILL BE LEAVING THAT BUILDING!
YEAH- AND HIS GOOSE-STEP IS COOKED!

TWO HOURS BEFORE DAWN -A NAZI ARMY OFFICER RUNS BRISKLY DOWN THE STEPS OF A MILITARY HEADQUARTERS TOWARD A WAITING STAFF CAR ..

GERMAN WAR FORCES

QUICKLY, HE PILES INTO THE MACHINE

THEN, WITH A ROAR OF ITS POWERFUL MOTOR, THE CAR LEAPS AWAY INTO THE NIGHT ..

DON'T LOOK NOW, MAJOR, BUT YOU'VE GOT HITCHHIKERS

JUST KEEP YOUR EYES FRONT AND YOUR HANDS ON YOUR KNEES, VON KRAUT! THIS GADGET DOESN'T CARE WHOM IT SHOOTS!

I DEMAND TO KNOW WHY I HAVE BEEN KIDNAPPED AND WHERE YOU ARE TAKING ME! WHAT HAVE YOU BRAZEN YANKS DONE WITH MY CHAUFFEURS?

AS HOOTED 'EM AND HID 'EM IN SOME BUSHES SO WE COULD GRAB YOU AND MAKE A GETAWAY!

FOOLS! ONCE THEY ARE DISCOVERED THIS CAR WILL BE FOLLOWED AND RIDDLED WITH BULLETS!

NOT WITH YOU IN IT, IT WON'T!

MY LIFE IS UNIMPORTANT. ALL THAT MATTERS IS TO ESTABLISH THE NEW WORLD ORDER!

HE-HE'S KIDDING! THEY WOULDN'T DARE SHOOT AT US WHILE-

HEY! WHAT'S THAT??

BULLETS! WE'RE BEING FIRED AT!

CAR TRAILING US WITH MACHINE GUNNERS! STEP ON IT, REX! THEY'RE TRYING TO WIPE US OFF THE MAP!

CRASH!

FASTER! RAT-TAT-TOSE MACHINE-GUNNERS ARE CLOSING IN!

ONLY ONE ANSWER TO THIS KINDA PROBLEM! MOVE, VON KRAUT- I NEED THIS SEAT!

THUD

RELAX, FELLAS! MRS RAFFERTY'S LITTLE BOY RIFF JUST FIXED THEIR WAGON!

A GERMAN STAFF CAR SCREECHES TO A STOP... FOUR FIGURES CLIMB OUT AND HURRY ACROSS A DESERTED BEACHFRONT

FRANTICALLY A LIFE-RAFT IS DUG FROM THE SAND JUST AS THE FIRST STREAKS OF DAWN APPEAR IN THE EASTERN SKY

THEN WITH THE FOUR MEN ABOARD THE RAFT IS PADDLED RAPIDLY TOWARD A WAITING MOSQUITO BOAT ..

HOME, JAMES AND DON'T SPARE THE HORSE-POWER WE'RE BRINGING BACK THE ANSWER TO COL. FORCE'S PRAYER!

REX! CHUNKY! RIFF! WHO IS THAT MAN?

MAJOR VON KRAUT S.R-COMMANDING NETHERLANDS OCCUPATION TROOPS

HE CARRIES A MAP SHOWING THE LOCATION OF THE SECRET MUNITIONS DEPOT! THERE WAS NO TIME TO SEARCH HIM, SO WE TOOK HIM ALONG!

I'M AFRAID I MUST TROUBLE YOU FOR THAT MAP

YOU WASTE YOUR TIME! YOU SHALL NEVER FIND IT!

THEN WE'LL TAKE IT BY FORCE SEARCH HIM!

WE'LL HAVE YOU FOUND IT?

SORRY SIR, BUT -BUT THERE IS NO MAP!

THE FREE PATRIOTS TRIED TO HELP US- BUT THEY SURE GOT THEIR SIGNALS CROSSED THERE'S NO SECRET MAP ON MAJOR VON KRAUT! I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT — —
IT'S SIMPLE ENOUGH OUR MISSION WAS A MISERABLE FAILURE
PERHAPS IT WASN'T WISE TO TRUST THREE ROOKIE RANGERS LIKE US WITH SUCH AN IMPORTANT —
GALLOPING GOULASH! WHAT'S THIS?
A BOTTLE HIDDEN INSIDE THE LINING OF VON KRAUTS COAT!
INVISIBLE INK!
THAT'S THE ANSWER SIR! ALL WE NEED NOW IS A SUN-RAY LAMP I THINK WE'VE FOUND THAT SECRET MAP!
I GRABBED THIS SUN-LAMP FROM THE DISPENSARY!
SET IT UP — QUICKLY! IF REX'S HUNCH IS RIGHT WE'RE ON THE VERGE OF A MAJOR VICTORY!
BE SEATED, VON KRAUT! WE ARE READY FOR THE EXPERIMENT!
I PROTEST! THIS WHOLE THING IS — IS RIDICULOUS!
THREE MINUTES OF IT BUT NOTHING'S HAPPENING! THE HEAT'S HAVING NO EFFECT!
TOO BAD, REX! GUESS YOUR INVISIBLE INK IDEA WASN'T —
WAIT! LOOK!
FAINT OUTLINES BEGINNING TO APPEAR
HOWLING HOT CAKES! IT'S — IT'S A MAP!
NO WONDER WE DIDN'T FIND ANY MAP WHEN WE SEARCHED VON KRAUT! HE HAD IT PAINTED ON HIS BACK IN INVISIBLE INK WHICH ONLY HEAT WOULD BRING OUT!
IT'S A MAP OF THE CITY OF DUYKSEEN SURE AS SUGAR BUNS!
AND HERE'S OUR OBJECTIVE — THE DEPOT WHICH FURNISHES SUPPLIES TO SINK OUR CONVOYS...
DISGUISED AS A PRIVATE RESIDENCE, NORTHEAST OF TOWN, SEVEN KILOMETERS FROM NEAREST BEACH POINT!
ONCE THE ENEMY SUSPECTS WE'VE LOCATED THAT SUPPLY DUMP, WE'RE IN FOR TROUBLE! BEFORE THAT HAPPENS, WE MUST ACT!
WHAT'S THE NEXT MOVE, S R²
ENTIRE REGIMENT IN FULL BATTLE EQUIPMENT — INVASION BARGES WILL ASSEMBLE AFTER DARK! THE BIG SHOW IS ABOUT TO BEGIN!
MIDNIGHT — FROM OUT OF THE SHADOWS INVAS ON BARGES, FILLED WITH TENSE YANKEE RANGERS GLIDE SWIFTLY TOWARD A BARREN DUTCH COASTLINE.
SILENTLY MEN SLIP FROM THE BOATS AND SPLASH THROUGH THE SURF TO THE DESERTED BEACH
WE KNOW OUR MISSION — UTTER DESTRUCTION OF THE DISGUISED NAZI MUNITIONS DUMP SEVEN KILOMETERS NORTHEAST! WE WILL APPROACH FROM FOUR SIDES SET OFF THE DYNAMITE CHARGES AND RETURN TO THE BARGES IMMEDIATELY!
IF WE'RE LUCKY WE'LL MEET NO RESISTANCE! LET'S GO!
WHAT ARE YOU STARING AT? SOMETHING WRONG REX?
I'M NOT SURE COLONEL! WHEN RUFF CHUNKY AND I FIRST LANDED ON THIS BEACH I DON'T REMEMBER ANY BUSHES GROWING SO CLOSE TO SHORE! WONDER IF —
HOWLING HAM HOCKS! NAZIS — HIDDEN BEHIND PHONY SHRUBS!
IT'S AN AMBUSH! TAKE TO COVER AND RETURN FIRE!

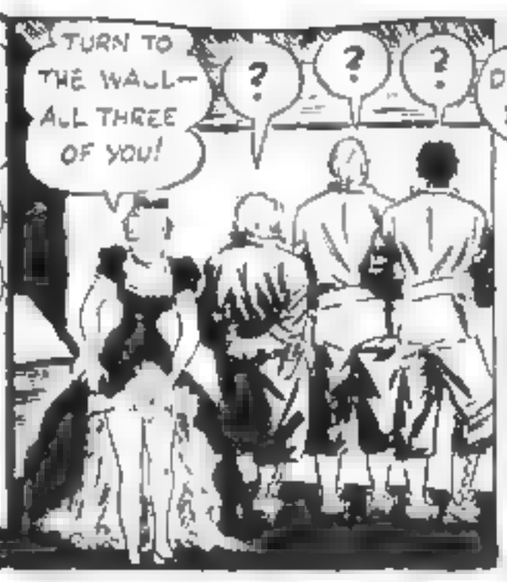
THIS SMELLS LIKE TREACHERY! I'D GIVE TH' LOCK OFF TH' GUARD-HOUSE TO KNOW WHO TIPPED THOSE JERRIES OFF WE WERE COMIN'!
NEVER MIND THAT! OUR FIRST JOB IS TO BEAT 'EM OFF, SO WE CAN ACCOMPLISH OUR MISSION!
COLONEL FORCE - WHILE YOU AND THE BOYS ARE DIVERTING THEIR ATTENTION, RIFF, CHUNKY AND I WILL LOCATE AND DESTROY THAT MUNITIONS DUMP! IF WE'RE NOT BACK IN AN HOUR, IT WAS NICE KNOWING YOU!
COME BACK, YOU FOOLS! I GAVE NO PERMISSION! IT'S TOO DANGEROUS! COME BACK!
THE CRAZY IDIOTS! IT'S STUFF LIKE THAT, YANKEE RANGERS ARE MADE OF AND STUFF LIKE THAT WILL WIN WARS!
ARE YOU SURE YOU KNOW WHERE WE'RE HEADED REX? WE'VE BEEN R D N' FOR MILES WITHOUT SEEIN ANYTHING BUT DOUBLE!
I-I GUESS WE'RE LOST FELLOWS! BETTER PULL OFF THE ROAD T LL WE TAKE INVENTORY!
HEY! A FARMHOUSE! IF THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE THERE ARE FR ENDLY MAYBE WE CAN GET SOME NFORMATION!
I'D SETTLE FOR A JUICY STEAK!
I'M SO HUNGRY I COULD SWALLOW AN INSULT!
HOLD IT! DROP TO THE GROUND - QUICK!
LOOK! THE WHOLE SIDE OF THAT HOUSE IS STARTING TO OPEN LIKE- - LIKE A DOOR!
WHILE THREE RANGERS WATCH TENSELY FROM THE BUSHES, THE ENTIRE SIDE OF A FARMHOUSE SWINGS SLOWLY OPEN A HUGE TRUCK SLIPS OUT INTO THE NIGHT
THEN, SILENTLY, THE BIG SECTION CLOSES BACK INTO PLACE!
S-SUFFERING SUCCOTASH! MYSTERY WITH A CAPITAL M! WHAT GOES HERE?
IT ALL ADDS UP! A TRUCK, LOADED WITH SUPPLIES FOR AN AXIS FIGHTING UNIT, LEAVES HIDEOUT DISGUISED AS AN INNOCENT-LOOKING FARMHOUSE!
DON'T YOU GET IT, GANG? WE'VE JUST STUMBLED UPON THE SECRET, NAZI MUNITIONS DEPOT!
SH- EASY DOES IT IF WE'RE CAUGHT NOW EVERYTHING'S LOST!
NOW AIN'T THAT CONVENIENT? SOMEONE LEFT THIS DOOR OPEN!
WELL, WHAT ARE WE WAITIN FOR? COME ON!
WHEW! IT'S AS DARK AS THE INSIDE OF A CHOCOLATE CAKE!
I DON'T HEAR A SOUND! WE'VE GOT TH JOINT TO OURSELVES!
WELCOME, GENTLEMEN! WON'T YOU WALK INTO MY PARLOR?
DR. VOORT! WH-WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
LET'S NOT PRETEND ANY LONGER! MY NAME IS NOT DR. VOORT!
I JOINED THE DUTCH FREE PATROTS TO LEARN WHO ARE THE ENEMIES OF THE REICH! I COULD NOT PREVENT YOUR LOCATING THIS MUNITIONS DEPOT...
...BUT NEITHER YOU NOR YOUR INVADING RANGERS WILL EVER LEAVE HOLLAND ALIVE!
SO YOU'RE THE SMART COOKIE RESPONSIBLE FOR THAT NAZI AMBUSH WHEN WE LANDED!
REX! CHUNKY! GRAB THOSE TWO SOLDIERS! I'LL TAKE OLD MAN MENACE HERE, AND—

GREAT GROUND BEEF! WH-WHERE ARE WE?
WE FELL THROUGH A TRAP OPEN NG INTO SOME K ND OF CELLAR, WHEN DR VOORT GAVE THE MAGIC PASSWORD!
WA'LL I GET MY HANDS ON THAT QUINCE LVERED QU SL NG! I LL TEAR HIM UP LIKE A PA D BILL, AND THEN—
LISTEAH! FOOTSTEPS POUNDING OVERHEAD! SOUNDS OF SHOOTING!
YOWEEE! IT'S TH' RANGERS! THEY'VE BLASTED THROUGH THAT NAZI AMBUSH AND HAVE COME TO BLAST THIS MUNITIONS DEPOT TO SM THER——
—WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT AM I LAUGHING FOR? WE RE TRAPPED IN THIS PLACE!

HELP, SOMEBODY! THE CELLAR —HELP!!
NO USE, RIFF! ALL QUIET UP THERE! THEY— THEY'VE GONE!
BUT IF THOSE WERE OUR RANGERS, THEY'VE PLANTED ENOUGH DYNAMITE FUSES AROUND TH S PLACE TO BLOW IT SKY-HIGH ANY MINUTE! WE'VE GOT TO FIND AN EXIT —BUT FAST!
THROUGH THAT DOOR! IT MAY LEAD TO AN OUT!
L-LOOK!
HELGA!

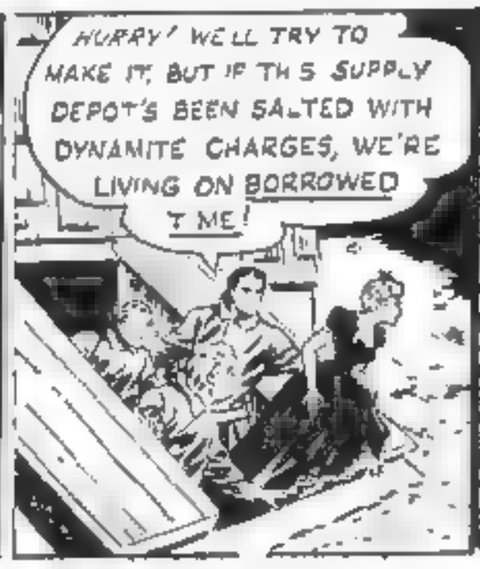
REX RAND! —AND CHUNKY AND RIFF! GET HERE!
THAT'S NOT MPORTANT HELGA! WHAT ABOUT YOU? WHO PUT YOU N TH S CELLAR?

DR VOORT! I LEARNED HE WAS A TRAITOR, AND WAS SENDING NAZI TROOPS TO LIE IN AMBUSH FOR YOU ON THE BEACH! I PROTESTED AND HE ORDERED ME THROWN DOWN HERE!
WHEW! WHAT NOW?


TURN TO THE WALL— ALL THREE OF YOU!
? ? ?

—DR VOORT DID NOT KNOW I HAD THEM!
KEYS!
—KEYS OPEN LOCKS— AND I SPOTTED A LOCKED CELLAR BULKHEAD AT THE END OF THIS CORRIDOR! THIS MAY MEAN OPEN SESAME!

WE'VE TRIED FOUR OF THOSE KEYS ALREADY—
WAIT—WAIT! THIS IS IT—IT'S OPENING THE LOCK!
YIPPEE! AND I THOUGHT STUFF LIKE THAT ONLY HAPPENED IN THRILLERS!


HURRY! WE'LL TRY TO MAKE IT, BUT IF TH S SUPPLY DEPOT'S BEEN SALTED WITH DYNAMITE CHARGES, WE'RE LIVING ON BORROWED T ME!

REX RAND, CHUNKY TUBBS AND RIFF RAFFERTY REPORT NG N S R!
MUNITIONS DEPOT LOCATED AND DESTROYED, COL. FORCE!
SORRY, S R, BUT DR VOORT, A PAID NAZI AGENT, ESCAPED!
THE HOLLAND COAST ..

YES— RIGHT INTO OUR ARMS, AS WE ADVANCED INLAND! WE'RE TAKING HIM AND AN ENTIRE GERMAN COMPANY BACK, AS PRISONERS!

OUR MISSION IS F N SHED, HELGA, AND WE MUST LEAVE! WHY NOT RETURN WITH US TO A LAND THAT IS ST LL FREE?
NO REX— MY PLACE IS HERE WITH MY PEOPLE, HELPING THEM FIGHT THE HEEL OF OPPRESSION, WHILE YOURS IS IN THE YANKEE RANGERS, F GHTING FOR THE PEACE THAT WILL SURELY COME!

Penmen of the Past:

There are a number of cartoonists of the past whose names today among professionals still command respect, but they share a strange aspect as well in that their *work* is unknown! Where the reputations of some people precede them, these penmen's reputations have lived after them—and been strong enough to inspire awe.

With T. S. Sullivant, a mere half dozen of his cartoons have been printed in the standard cartoon history books over the last 40 years. We have heard that no less a master than Walt Kelly worshipped his genius—but hardly heard, or seen, more than that.

Sullivant, like others we will examine in this series, certainly produced work that is worthy of inspiring awe by its reputation alone over the generations. He was a master of the pen, in total control of his media, a freewheeling humorist who satirized everything in sight, and had the rare gift of distorting reality yet keeping his own universe in a logical, consistent vision.

Below: A self-caricature, ca. 1902.

Thomas S. Sullivant was born in 1854 in Ohio and was raised in Germany, where he presumably studied art. He later claimed to have seriously considered cartooning only in his 32nd year, but some early training is likely, and later studies at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts followed. Advice on his sketches was sought from the legendary A. B. Frost, who encouraged Sullivant to continue drawing and to submit to the leading publications of the time. Frost himself represented a school that Sullivant was to dominate in a few years: that of the liberated penmen, as we might call them

The liberation of the craft came at the very time that Charles Dana Gibson epitomized it—around the late 1890s. It was a situation akin to the High Baroque period in music After 150 years of development, the Baroque form found its definitive exponent in Johann Sebastian Bach; and ironically during his life there were the stirrings of discontent and yearnings for less restrictive modes. Gibson was like Bach (except that a generation of penmen were to slavishly follow his own conventions—artists like Flagg, Lowell, Crosby, Tittle, Schabelitz and others) and represented the flowering of the pen-and-ink tradition that began with the advent of photo-engraving and ran through the like of Abbey, Parsons and the early Pyle.

The classical school of penmen from Abbey to Gibson rendered realistically and achieved amazing results with crosshatching and shading. In effect they aimed at reproducing the technical images of the woodcutter's art and surpassing them. And they succeeded! The period from 1875-1900 hosted some of the most remarkable penwork in the history of illustration, perhaps of all art

But when Frost and Kemble and Sullivant and others sought new means of expression —or at least a new graphic figuration—it was done not as a rebellion against the classicists but as a playful variation.

Pen-and-ink was still the tool. Crosshatching was just as enthusiastically embraced. But—and here the cartoonist s art was glorified—humor, exaggeration and animation all became prime elements. Frost was a master at stretching anatomy, Kemble a master of depicting movement, Sullivant a master whose vision distorted anatomy, animation and perspective with, as we said above, logical

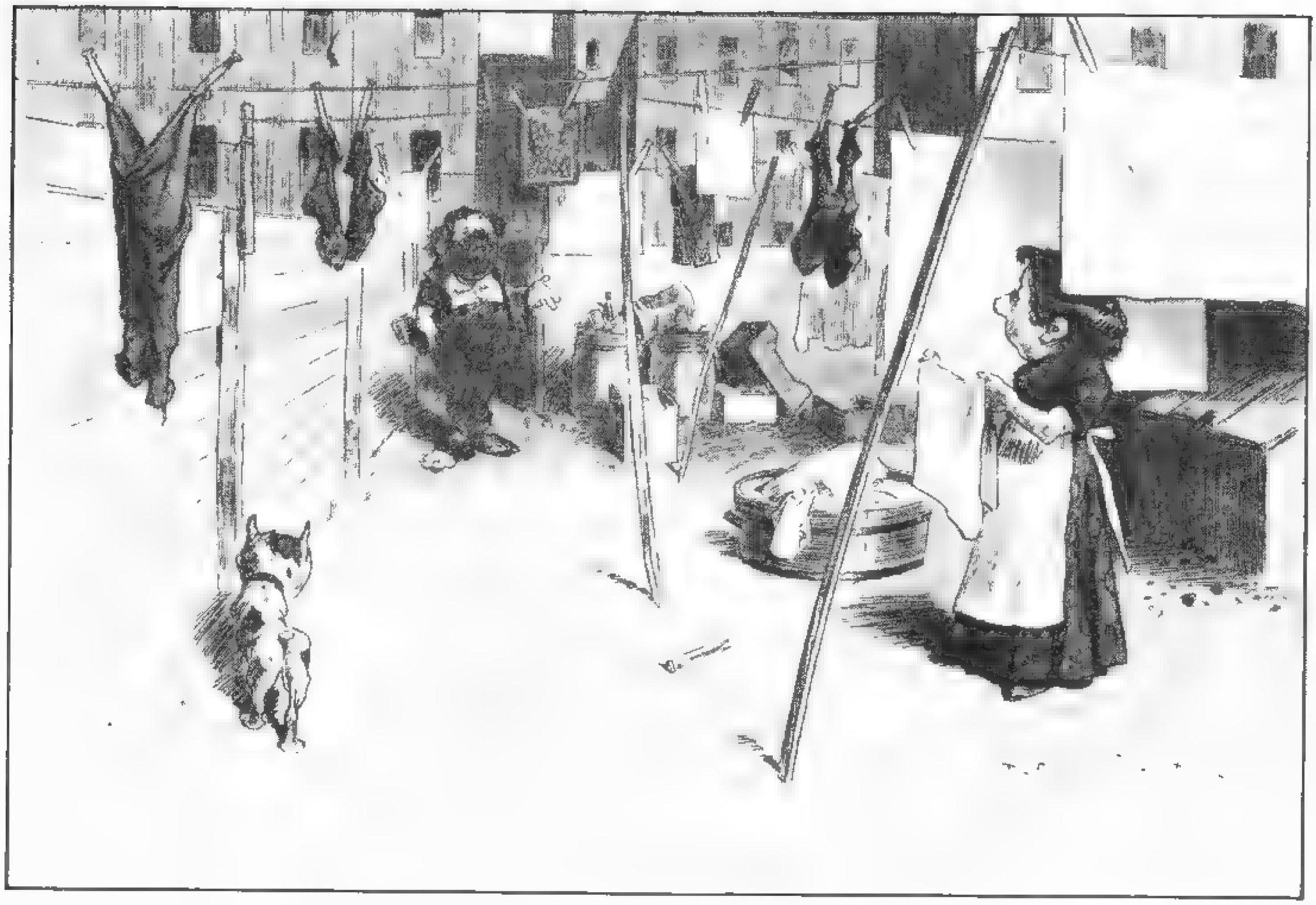
consistency. The heads Sullivant drew were enormously exaggerated in size. His use of light sources was flawless, and in design his negative space was well-spotted. Incidental and background props were executed with almost photographic realism, one thinks.., until one sees the Sullivant s-eye view that you have been drawn into and have accepted as reality.

Eighteen eighty-six saw the first published Sullivant cartoons, in minor humor magazines like *Truth*, and the next year he sold to the top of the line *Puck*. At first his work was in the standard tight-crosshatch style prevailing in the profession, and many of his themes were animal subjects, precursing a later preoccupation. Soon he was appearing with occasional frequency in *Life*, encouraged, no doubt, by editor J. A. Mitchell, whose eye for talent had also discovered the likes of young—and crude—Charles Dana Gibson not many years before.

Through the '90s Sullivant s work became more individualistic: the compositions looser and the figures more exaggerated. Enlarged heads are a cartoon convention nowadays but in the '90s it was an outrageous innovation. Pioneered by Frost, the leading exponent was the exacting stylist F. M. Howarth in *Puck* and others like McNair of *Life*, Marriner of *Puck* and Denslow in book illustrations were adapting the technique as well. Soon Sullivant dominated the "school" and for many, then and ever after, larger-than-normal heads were simply the way to draw them.

After the turn of the century Sullivant's work virtually disappeared from *Life* and began appearing weekly, and prominently, in *Judge*,

Collection of Rick Marschall



its Republican rival, where art editor Grant Hamilton encouraged stylistic individuality among his artists. In large cartoons Sullivant gave full vent to his pen and its whimsical experiments. Outrageous exaggerations, character types *in extremis*, stunning penwork...all were hallmarks of this high-water mark of Sullivant's career. Never was his work more handsome or striking.

The examples in this portfolio are mostly from this period, and reflect not only his best artistic work, but his thematic pre-occupations from this period. Early on he seemed fascinated by the new motor cars, and later in his career Biblical themes were germs for jokes—but animals were there first, last and always. Sullivant knew animals—their anatomy, their expressions, their moods, their

personalities. Unlike Dr. Seuss (or Disney, or Schultz, or any other cartoonist whose work we associate with animals), his crazy creatures had accurate underpinnings...with a vengeance. Every bone, every double joint, every bipedal extremity was accurately represented; exaggerated, but still *there*. It is no mean feat for a cartoonist, and belies a very real aspect of Sullivant's genius.

Also during this middle period Sullivant drew more human subjects than before or after (his first hit with *Life* had been a series called *Aesop Up to Date* and a posthumous book collection was *Sullivant's ABC Zoo*). He examined, and lampooned, virtually every character type that was abruptly visible to the American Establishment in those Melting Pot days: Irishmen (presumably this was his own

background), Negroes, Jews, tramps and farmers. The newly emerging suburban family was also a butt of jokes—and few of these jokes, unfortunately today, have traces of laughable substance, but we are coming from a different perspective. And perhaps the captions were actually as irrelevant then as now: it is Sullivant's art that dazzles.

Within a few years his work disappeared from all the magazines, due to a juicy contract from the Talent Hunter Supreme, William Randolph Hearst. Sullivant drew daily political cartoons for Hearst in New York, and it seems a shame that his fancies were stifled in order that he become a polemicist. Since his duties were in regard to transitory issues and local tempests—and his caricatures were of now-obscure politicos instead of those marvelous animals and character types—a great body of work was never produced. The Hearst organization was later to halt *Little Nemo* and pay Winsor McCay to do politicals, too, but since the artists were still being paid (perhaps more than they had been before) the loss is probably more ours than the cartoonists'.

There was a bright spot for the sake of our appreciation of Sullivant in the period from 1904-1907, however; he then produced many top-pieces for the Hearst Sunday comics. These were basically decorations to frame whatever paper's logo—but they provided a free space, with no requirement of a caption, with Sullivant evidently free to choose his subjects (mostly they are animal themes). Here he shines and they have the added touch of being in color!

Sullivant at this time worked in the Hearst bullpen, and it is recorded that the great F. Opper once remarked, "If Tom Sullivant scratched his head as much as his paper, he'd draw better cartoons!" Of course it was facetious; Sullivant was accorded his due even by his elders in the field. But his working method was legendary, and surviving originals testify to the fact that he used a razor blade almost as much as a pen, but it was not in the Billy DeBeck manner of making shading effects with scratched lines. Sullivant was very evidently a perfectionist, and was constantly rejecting whole sections of his cartoons. He'd be too satisfied with another corner to completely start anew, so inch after inch of paper would be scratched away until clean, and then more ink lines laid over. By the way, this illustrates if nothing else the lost superiority of those old drawing papers; today's stock would bleed the ink after the slightest tampering with the top ply.

Reportedly Sullivant went to Europe to study when he left Hearst around 1907. In those days cartoonists and illustrators frequently sought further studies right at the peaks of their careers (Gibson was learning oils at this very time, forsaking big offers from *Life*, *Collliers* and others) and it is a practice that, for whatever reasons, is not too common today in the craft. In 1911 he returned to the pages of *Life*, which was to remain his principal market until his death.

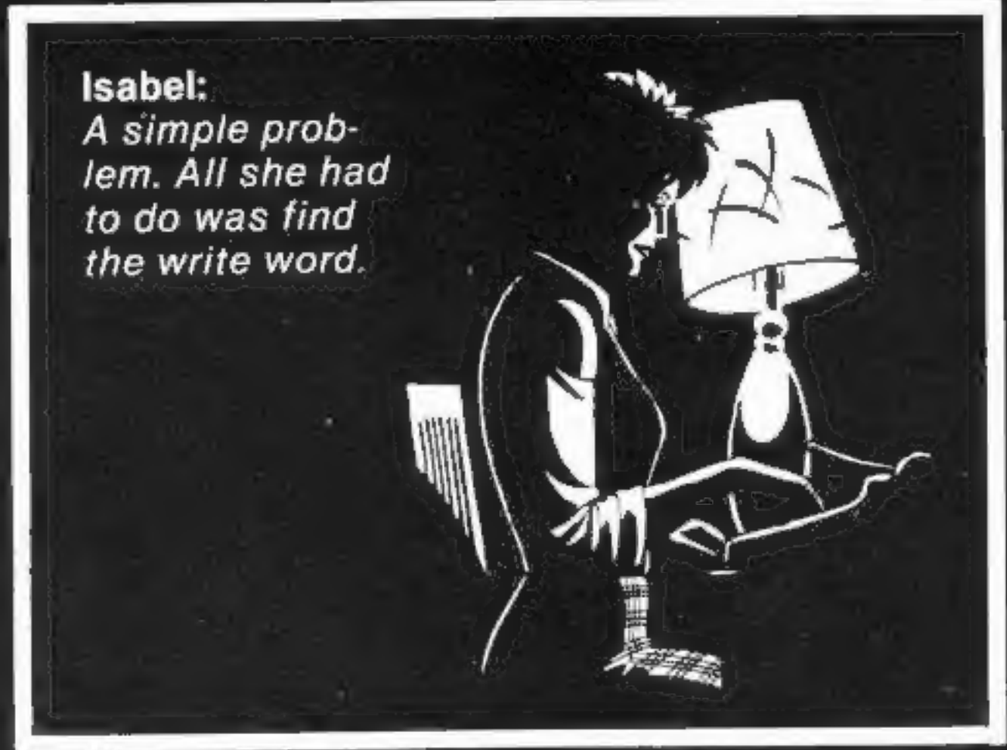
His style became scratchier and his innovations tended to stultify into conventions, although never so stale as to be cliches. Almost exclusively animals dominated his cartoons—the parade of ethnics and character types were gone—though in the Harding era he rendered some double-page political cartoons. In retrospect his work in the 'teens and '20s may not seem as brilliant as that of the turn of the century, but in ads *Life* still heralded him as a major star—and this in the days when John Held, Gluyas Williams, Percy Crosby, Gibson, Maxfield Parrish, Norman Rockwell, A. B. Frost, Robert Benchley, Bob Sherwood, Ring Lardner, F. P. A. and others graced its pages.

T. S. Sullivant died in 1926, a native genius whose work touched all who saw it. It is hoped that glimpses such as this in *NEMO* will restore the reknown of Sullivant the penman and renew the acclaim he deserves.

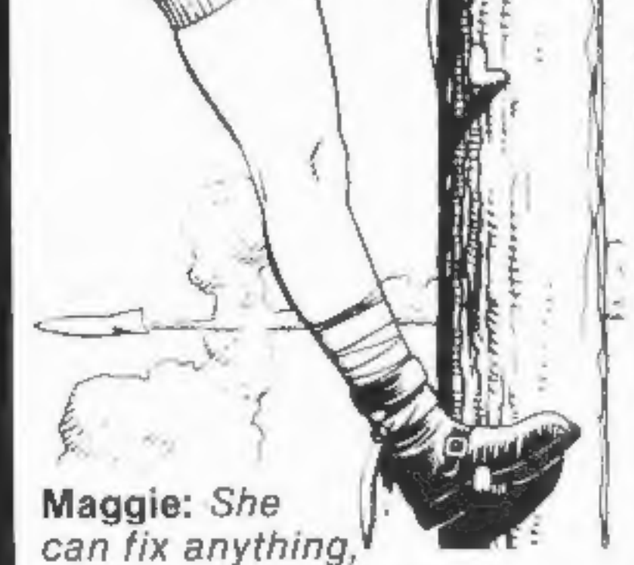
—RICK MARSCHALL

Bring On The WOMEN!

Penny: *Offered, literally, anything in the world, she asked for the one thing he couldn't give her.*



Castle Radium: *He's not a woman!*



Maggie: *She can fix anything, she just doesn't want to. But a gal's gotta live...*

Luba: *Visions of empire danced in her head—to be fulfilled at any cost!*

Leonore: *Her head was filled with dreams—of impending disaster!*

Meet them all in LOVE & ROCKETS!
The wittiest, most intelligent (and sexiest!) comic to come from anyone in a long, long time!

No kidding! LOVE & ROCKETS is Madness unleashed! Super-science! (Fantasy.) High adventure! (Low-to-medium adventure.) Monsters! (Superheroes.) Epic battles! (Petty squabbles.) Human drama! (Satire.) Naked women! (Clothed women.) Love! (But—*no rockets*!?!)

LOVE & ROCKETS. By 'Bert and Jaime Hernandez. 68 pages of *incredible imagination*. 68 pages of *absolute artistic control*! 68 pages of *wild and beautiful women*! (And one clothed man.)

Get your copy today!

Send to:

FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS, INC.
196 West Haviland Lane
Stamford, CT 06903

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE ____ ZIP _____

☐ Enclosed is $3.50 ($2.95 + 55¢ postage) in U.S. funds. I want to meet the women in LOVE & ROCKETS #1!

COMICS' NEXT GENERATION

GRAPHIC NOVELS
from
DARGAUD INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHING, LTD.

535 Fifth Avenue
New York, NY 10017
212-697-0645